

everywhere i go

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everywhere i go

by [sootified](#)

Summary

George was convinced that he was the last person on earth after the dead started to come back and he hadn't seen another person for five months.

Turns out, he was wrong. Turns out, there is another person on earth. He grins too much and wheezes like a tea kettle, but there's another person.

George, admittedly, isn't quite sure how he feels about sharing his private space with another person. But hey, it could be worse, right?

Right.

Notes

what up it's josh from march 2021

anyways this fic is shit and it doesn't make ANY sense LMAO go read my other fics if you're looking for something to read, this one is so unbelievably bad, and until i remake it(?) i don't suggest reading it cause trust me, it really just does not make sense. apologies for that, i'll fix this up eventually, promise :)

- josh

we're the kings and queens

This, George thinks, is bullshit. He knew about the gas station in front of the bunker he had found ever since it managed to find it. He never cared about the gas station in front of the bunker because he *never left the bunker*. Well, maybe he left *sometimes*. Just occasionally to go grab a new weapon, find a new axe, steal a knife. Is it really even stealing anymore? Whatever. He refocuses, staring at the gas station. The shitty looking, run-down gas station in front of his bunker. The one that has a man on the roof of it with an entire hoard of zombies groaning at his feet. George, for the most part, is confused. And annoyed. But mostly just confused. He hasn't seen another person for *months* now, not after people started to crawl up and out of their graves and all that. He never could find anyone else, not even a freshly deceased person. Just rotting corpses that had apparently all died one night and decided to say "fuck that" and start walking again. George hasn't seen a singular person since zombies started to show up. For the longest time, he assumed that he was the last one. But he hated thinking about that, because why would it be *him*? Why would the entire world just die, but he wouldn't? Why would it only be him in the entire world?

Admittedly, he thought of killing himself at first. He figured it'd be the easiest option. He might have been introverted, but being completely alone in the literal, entire world was daunting. It was terrifying. George didn't want to be the only one. He blinks, staring at the man, who has an axe in his lap. He looks very calm for what mess he's gotten himself into, and George isn't entirely sure if he wants to go help. It's been five months now, he's pretty sure. If he hasn't missed a day on his calendar. Five months without seeing another living human being. Five months of talking to himself and occasionally waving a hello to the zombies outside when he had to leave the bunker. Five months of being left alone to wallow in his own awkwardness. George shakes his head, grabbing his crossbow. He found it, thank god for America, the first time he left the bunker. It turns out, the person who had built this thing had also died, *in* the bunker. Which sucked, because George was a lot more scared of zombies then than he is now, but whatever. He punches in the keypad to get outside, the door automatically locking behind him. He likes that. He likes his bunker a lot. It's safe.

And he's definitely not safe anymore, George decides. He watches as at least three zombies turn to look at him, jaws mangled, eyes out of sockets, skin sloughing off in clumps. He wrinkles his nose, making sure to breathe out of his mouth. The *musk* of zombie is disgusting. They never mentioned that in the movies, the stench. No one ever noticed it, but it's literal dead bodies, *corpses*, shuffling around. It fucking smells. He swallows, raising his crossbow up to his eye, firing the first bolt. It goes through the eye of the first zombie, giving him a couple of seconds to reload, backing up so the other two don't fuck him up. He hears a surprised shout, and turns his head to look. Which is a mistake, because the second zombie lunges for him. They also never addressed that in the movies. Zombies aren't all that slow, actually. They're kind of fast. Kind of clever, a little smarter than you'd think. They're still fucking dead meat bags, but they used to be humans once, and humans are creatures of habit. George stumbles back, turning to the left so the zombie hits the ground, snarling at him. He shoots the third one in the eye, shocked with how good his aim's been recently. That's another thing they never mention. It's hard to learn how to shoot properly, how to even *load* a crossbow. And also how *gross* it is to rip the bolts out of their eyes, clean them, and reuse them like they weren't covered in zombie eyes a few minutes back. Whatever. George raises his boot, slamming it down on the second zombie's head, gagging at the sound it makes. Their heads, for the most part, aren't very thick anymore. Not very strong. They crumple easily, bones and blood and brain crunching around his boots. God, that's disgusting.

George starts to move closer to the gas station, figuring he can grab the bolts when he comes back to his bunker. He stalks past the hoard, managing to go undetected as he slinks behind the gas

station. There's a couple of footholds in the wall, enough that he can probably climb it without much of a problem. And there's another thing that's grossly overlooked. Climbing walls is *hard*. It hurts his hands and he had to force himself to learn, which took at *least* three months. It's hard to find proper grips, proper places to put your feet when you go up. It's a lot harder because footholds are bitches to even find, so you just have to *wing it*. George sees a hand fly in front of his face, a man peering down at him, a grin plastered on his face. Oh. He's cute. George mentally punches himself in the face, *pissed* at himself. *That* was the first thing he thought, really? He's been the last person on earth for *five months* and the *first thing* he thinks is *oh, he's cute*? Goddammit, of course he'd think that. He's a fucking loser, what did he think? He takes the man's hand after a second of wanting to just die, letting him pull him up.

"Holy shit," the guy grins, his eyes twinkling. He's...he's tall, George realises. "I thought I was the last person around."

"Me too," George tells him, gesturing to the hoard. "How did you even get here?" The guy shrugs, his grin still plastered on his face. He looks like a dopey idiot when he does that. George's okay with that. "Cryptic. What's your name?"

"Dream," Dream introduces himself, turning to look down at the hoard. "What about you, mystery man? Do you have a name?"

"Obviously," George scoffs. "I'm George. I live in a bunker right over there," he points to it, ignoring the groaning sounds of the zombies below them. "Where did you even come from? You're from here. You never saw any other living person?" He questions. "Ever? No living people around? Am I the first person you've spoken to in five months?"

Dream raises an eyebrow at him, looking a bit taken aback. "Nice to meet you too, George. And I come from over there," he waves a hand in the vague direction of...the city. Holy shit. "I was in an apartment for a little bit. I decided to get out of the city, maybe go find an old cabin in the woods or something. I don't know, I was just..." Dream sighs. "I was lonely, I guess. It's been five months?" George nods. "Huh. I lost count after the third week, I stopped caring," he shrugs. "Oh! And the reason I'm here, um," he wheezes, sounding like a fucking broken tea kettle. What the hell? "Patches," he beams, dropping to his knees, sliding his backpack off of his shoulders. George watches as a mottled brown cat leaps out, tail lashing back and forth. "Meet George. George, meet Patches. She's the only person I've had to keep me company." He grins, scooping the cat up into his arms. She lets him do it, probably used to it by now. George can't help but laugh, a little awestruck at the fact that Dream's managed to keep himself alive, but also a *cat* alive. *Especially* when he comes from the city. George has been to the city once since the dead started to walk, and he almost died. He never went back. There were too many zombies, too many of them literally *everywhere*. He couldn't even navigate the streets, the roads were so flooded with them.

"How the hell did you manage to get a cat in a bag?" He gapes, arms crossed. "And how the hell did you survive in the city? I went there once and I almost died. And if you had an apartment..." he shakes his head, narrowing his eyes. "There's no way you could have survived there for so long. You're lying." Dream laughs, a few short barks.

"I'm not lying," he tells him. "I was just careful," Dream shrugs. "I learnt how to hop buildings, you know? Rooftop to rooftop. I almost killed myself doing that a bunch of times, but I learnt how to do it. And there were guns," he grins. "A lot of guns. I found silencers, suppressors, stuff like that. I got used to it. For the most part, they were just on the ground. But I didn't touch the ground very often," Dream doesn't look like he's lying, and George...George is inclined to believe him. Even if Dream should be fucking dead by now, because the city is *dangerous* and *awful*. "Oh, and ziplining. I figured out how to attach ziplines and shit. Hooked myself up to one, slid to the other

apartment complex a little ways away, grabbed some supplies, stuff like that. Not everyone who died turned into a zombie, you know," Dream tells him. "Some of them just died. But a lot of them came back."

"Yeah.." George agrees. "How did you find out?"

"I killed my roommate."

Oh. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Dream smiles, a little weaker than he had been. "His name was Sapnap. We had been friends for our entire lives. I know he wouldn't have wanted me to just let him kill me, so I didn't. And I didn't..I couldn't stand seeing him like you, you know? Just..the glazed over eyes. His skin was already peeling off, and it..it was awful. I know that they look awful now, but when it first happened.." Dream shakes his head. "I thought I saw some sort of clearance in his eyes when he died. Sort of like a fog had been lifted off of his mind. It's worse when they're first turned. They still look human. They still kind of act human. He acted human. He moved like one, he was normal. He just wanted to kill me. And didn't talk." George closes his eyes, the groaning sound of the zombies below them filling his ears.

"I'm really sorry," he means it. He does, he really does mean it. Even if he doesn't know Dream, it doesn't matter. They're the last two people on earth, aren't they? He can't just be a dick to the only other person he's seen since this happened. "I never had that happen. I was just out driving, and then a zombie jumped my car. I found my bunker, and the guy there was still alive. He let me in. Neither of us expected him to suddenly turn, but it happened. I didn't know what the hell was going on, and I..I think I'm lucky that I managed to live. If I had been a few seconds slower to reach that kitchen knife, I'd be gone." Dream frowns, nodding.

"I'm sorry," what the hell is *he* apologising for? George being stupid? George panicking like an idiot? "He was a person once, too, right? It's still hard. But I guess we get used to it. We'd have had to by now, huh?" Dream smiles. "What was his name?"

"His name was Bad."

"I'm sorry. Did you get close to him?" George shakes his head. Bad was a sweetheart, one of the kindest people he's ever met, but they never clicked. The shock was still fresh and raw, they never got a chance. They never were able to bond. "Probably for the best," he sighs. "Well," Dream crosses his arms, axe hanging loosely in one hand. "We still have a problem. I've never been able to kill this many zombies on my own before. I think my max was like, ten? And that was a close call." George snorts, a little impressed. The most he ever managed to kill was four, and that was pushing it.

"You are surprisingly skilled," he mutters. "I've got a crossbow. I can shoot a few of them, but I don't have enough bolts for all of them." Dream nods, coaxing Patches back into his bag. She, shockingly, prances in, sitting still, letting her owner zip it up. Christ. He's got to be a fucking animal whisperer or something.

"Thank you," Dream grins at him. "I've been told that before. Before the uh, the apocalypse, though," he wheezes. "And nice. I always thought crossbows were cool growing up," George nods, peering over the ledge. He counts thirty. He has fifteen bolts. Well, thirteen. Two of them are back at his bunker. Thirteen zombies dead, and that's *if* he doesn't miss any of his shots. "You know.." Dream turns to look at him, his grin widening by a mile. "I could jump past them," he points at an open spot. "Lure them away, kill a few with my axe," he raises it up like it weighs nothing. "I'd leave Patches with you. You can shoot them from up here, and if you need it, I can totally rip the

bolts out of their eyes."

"That is a fucking *suicide* mission, Dream."

Dream snorts. "It's not. I've done something similar to this before. Plus, they're old. They're not like, freshies. They died a long time ago. They're old, I can outrun them," he promises. George isn't..it's not like he gives a shit. Well, he does. He won't lie to himself that much, he does care. He's been alone for so long, and Dream..he's a breath of fresh air, if he's being honest. His stupid grin, his dumb tea kettle wheeze. Everything about him is just..special. Kind of. Whatever.

"George?" He blinks, staring at the hand waving in front of him. "You there?"

"Okay," he breathes out, closing his eyes. "Fine. If you die, I'll take care of your cat." He promises. He doesn't know why, but he does. It's the least he can do. Dream smiles, a genuine, soft smile. He's pretty. George isn't going to lie to himself again, Dream..Dream *is* objectively attractive. And George has a type. And Dream is his type. It's not like they're just going to make out. It's not like George is going to straight up fall in love with some man he's never met before.

"Okay," Dream grins, that cocky smirk replacing his previous smile. He sets his bag down, cooing to it. "I'll be back, Patches. Keep Georgie company for me, okay?"

"*Georgie?*" George curls his lip, wondering if he should just push Dream off this fucking gas station. He immediately retracts that thought. Even if he would never actually consider it, he would never. He's never seen a human being get eaten alive by zombies, but he's seen the movies. And the movies have always been a lot lighter than what the zombie apocalypse is actually like. George imagines that it would be so much worse. He couldn't do that. Even to someone he hated. "You disgust me. Get out of here," he pauses, biting down on his lip. Spoken sentiment has never been his thing. Sentiment in general has never been his thing. "Be safe." George adds. Maybe it'll help Dream. Maybe.

"I will be," Dream assures him, throwing the axe over his shoulder. He throws a leg over the gas station ledge, breathing in. George can't help but watch, his eyes closing, a soft smile playing onto his lips. Then it's gone, replaced by a madman's grin and huge eyes. Dream hits the ground, not even looking inconvenienced. It's not that high of a jump, yeah, but *still*. "C'mere, you idiots!" Dream sings, his voice a deep hum. George watches as the zombies turn to stare at him instead of looking up, simultaneously shuffling towards him. "George, shoot now!" Dream wheezes, dancing out of the clutches of a zombie, swinging his axe. The thing's head flies clear off, hitting the ground a mile away. George expects to see blood spray out everywhere, but there's not much of anything. Oh, right. No blood circulates anymore, zombies are dead. Of course. George grabs his crossbow, notches a bolt, brings it up to his eye. He shoots the first zombie in the head, watching as it tumbles down. He grabs another bolt, shooting at another zombie that's getting too close to Dream. He pauses for a second, watching as Dream kicks a zombie square in the chest, flipping out a knife George didn't know he had. The knife goes into the zombie's face, and it stops trying to get up. Holy shit.

No wonder Dream survived in the city.

"Left!" George screeches, firing a bolt at the zombie on Dream's right. It goes down with a thud. Dream whirls around, fist connecting with the zombie's jaw. Half of the creature's maw flies off, leaving rotted bones. Dream does the same thing he did to the last one, throwing it to the ground and grabbing a knife from his back pocket. How many fucking knives can one man have? What the hell? Whatever, he's glad Dream has multiple knives. At least George doesn't have to waste a fuck ton more bolts than he has to. Dream..Dream is enticing to watch, his movements fluid and easily made. He moves like he's dancing, swaying and dodging zombies, backing up, sliding to

different angles. It's graceful. It's beautiful. George shakes his head, snapping out of his thoughts. God, what is *wrong* with him? He loads another bolt, firing it into the zombie right of Dream, one he doesn't seem to have noticed. The creature goes down, thank god.

"A couple more to go!" Dream grins, slamming his axe down on a zombie, practically cleaving it in half. He doesn't even hesitate in yanking it back, positioning it in a way that screams *dangerous*. George barely can even hold a fire axe for minutes at a time, let alone fucking use it like it's the world's lightest pocket knife in existence. George fires another bolt at a zombie closer to the gas station, figuring he might as well get the stragglers. Dream cleaves through another zombie, kicks another one to the ground. He looks at ease. Of *course* he survived in the city. "Five!" Dream calls out, jamming a knife into a zombie's throat, backing up before it has time to grab him. "Four!"

"Three," George grins, shooting another zombie in the back of the head. "Two." He adds, notching another bolt, firing it a few seconds later.

"And the grande finale!" Dream booms, his voice loud and thunderous. He's grinning like a dopey idiot, looking like he's perfectly at home. "Boom!" He shouts, the axe going straight through the zombie's head. "You were good!" He grins even more, waving at George. "Good shots! Really!"

"Thanks," George laughs, grabbing Dream's bag. He scurries back down the wall he came from, handing the bag to Dream. "Here. You did really good. I didn't think you were going to live, if I'm being honest."

"Thanks," Dream wheezes, taking his bag. "We should hurry out of here. I don't know how many times you've been out of your bunker, but other zombies like to eat their deceased friends. They'll probably show up soon, so we should get away. How close is that bunker?"

"Two minutes away," he supplies, reaching down, yanking a bolt out of a zombie's head. "Help me with these?" And Dream does, dutifully finding the majority of George's bolts, handing them to him surprisingly clean. It only takes a minute or so before they're moving, Dream cooing to his cat about the bunker and their new place to stay. Wait. "Dream."

"Yeah?"

"You plan on staying."

Dream blinks at him, eyebrows raised. "Yeah. I kind of figured that's what we were going to do. Do you really want to be on your own again?" George doesn't say anything for a little, thinking it over. He doesn't want to be completely alone. He likes his own space, but five months of it was a little much. "George?"

"You can stay," he mumbles. "I..it does get lonely. It's been a long time."

"It has been," Dream agrees. "Thank you. To make it up to you, I'll go and scavenge for anything we need. The city is still filled with shit. It's not like I looted buildings," he wheezes. "I didn't go inside a lot of the shops, actually. It kind of made me nervous."

"Yeah," George agrees with that entirely. "I can't..I hate the city."

"It's not that bad," he shrugs. "You just have to get used to it."

"I almost died there."

"Don't worry, so did I."

George snorts, punching in the code to the door. "The code is 3-2-3-8. Just in case you ever get locked out, or whatever. It's the same pin on the inside. You have to put in the pin before you can leave or enter," Dream nods, trailing after him as they walk. "It's not as spacious as it looks. It has three rooms, a kitchen, two bathrooms, a laundry room, and a living room. They're all kind of cramped together. I hope you don't mind eating the same thing every single day of your life." Dream wheezes, crouching down. George watches as he lets Patches out of the bag, a bag of cat food coming out with it.

"I'll get her a litter box," he promises. I just couldn't fit it in the bag. The gas station probably has something cheap there. I know it has cat litter. I'll just get her like, a plastic container or whatever," Dream smiles. "And I'll clean it out, don't worry. Oh, and," he adds. "I'll get us some more food. I don't mind going to the city." George nods, watching as Patches scampers off somewhere, tearing off into the bunker.

"You don't have to go out of your way to get new food. You shouldn't risk your life for me."

"I have a harness," Dream sighs, holding up..a fucking harness. What the fuck. "It's what I attached to myself to zipline across the city. All of my lines are still up. I just hook this bad boy up to one, tighten the straps so I don't fall to my death, and boom. I'm halfway across town," he beams. "I didn't just survive in that city, George. I lived there, too." George wants to roll his eyes because that is *so* fucking tacky, but..he doesn't think Dream is lying. Dream doesn't strike him as a good liar. Maybe he is.

"Alright," he breathes out. "But not anytime soon. I don't want to be alone again." Dream smiles at him, looking at him like he's the sun. What the hell..why is he doing that?

"I don't want to be alone again either," he tells him. "I'll make sure that I'm okay. And that you are, too," Dream pauses. "So, George."

"Yeah?"

"Show me around."

George sighs, but he stands. Maybe this isn't as bad as he thought'd it be. Being alone *sucks*, but he..he's not alone anymore. He's got Dream, now.

and we run this city

Chapter Notes

story time!

George closes his eyes, the unmistakable purring of Patches coming from the next room. He can't believe he's already accepted this as his new life, now. Sure, it's nice to have another person around, but..it's also so fucking weird. It's not like Dream's a bad roommate or whatever. It's the opposite, really. He takes care of himself and Patches, talks to George like they're old friends, and pulls his weight in chores. George literally couldn't ask for a better roommate. He helps George with zombies when they start to crowd the bunker, goes out to the city every now and then to grab something other than canned foods, and sometimes brings George..gifts. Just little things, like a new knife or a gun with a silencer, but they're gifts nonetheless. George has started to notice, and he's..he isn't entirely sure how he's supposed to react. He takes them, obviously. He's not a fucking idiot, he's not going to pass up a new knife or a gun that does a hell of a lot more damage than his crossbow. But it's still weird. Weird? He doesn't know if that's the word for it. It's odd, he thinks. It's odd, purely because Dream absolutely doesn't have to do that. Sure, they might be the last two people on earth, but that doesn't mean Dream has to get him *gifts*. George sighs, staring up at his ceiling. Patches is loud. He noticed that the first night they stayed together. Patches purrs *so* goddamn loud, her rumbles echoing from room to room. He's pretty sure he could hear that cat from outside the bunker. It's probably why there's been a recent surge of zombies finding his bunker.

Thank god for Dream, though. He's had no problem taking care of them. He's a confident bastard. Cocky, too. It's annoying because he has every reason *to* be cocky and confident. The entire time they've been together, George thinks, he's dealt with every single problem with ease. Nothing has even seemed to phase him. Other than the time he came back to the bunker, annoyed that they didn't have the right kind of cat food in the gas station. George nearly punched him in the face for that, because *who* the hell *thinks* that in the zombie apocalypse? Dream, apparently. The prick lived in the *city* and his only complaint is that the gas station across the bunker doesn't have the right kind of cat food? George, admittedly, finds it a bit endearing. Not that much, he doesn't really give a shit, but he kind of thinks that it's..interesting. A quirk, maybe? It's kind of nice, if he thinks about it for too long. To have someone who brings him things like that. He wants to laugh at himself, even considering guns as gifts, but they really are. The apocalypse has definitely changed the meaning of gifts, and Dream's managed to hit the nail on the head when it comes to them.

He can hear Dream cooing to Patches, casually talking to her like she's a person. George isn't all that surprised, really. Patches was the only thing Dream had to talk to. It's not like George can really judge him, he talked to himself a lot. He never liked the sound of his own voice, but there was also no one else, and he needed to get words out of his head. It didn't work that well, but it helped. Sort of. "I know. I *know*. I'm sorry," George snorts, forcing himself to get out of bed. He used to have a schedule, one that he followed every single day. But then Dream crashed into his life, and that schedule was thrown out the window. Whatever. He'll get back to it eventually, he always has. He hears a loud yowl, followed by a loud wheeze. "Well? It's not my fault he keeps his door locked at night. Go scratch on his door, he'll let you in. He's a softie, don't worry Patches." George screws up his face, narrowing his eyes. What the fuck? What the hell is Dream on about? Patches doesn't..she doesn't even *like* him, even though he used to have cats. He knows how cats

act, but this one is just a little shit who sticks by Dream's side constantly. A few seconds later he hears scratching at his door, another yowl, and some meowing. What the *fuck*. He glares at the door, throwing on another shirt.

"What?" He opens the door, watching as Patches immediately rubs up against him, rumbling. "You're weird. You don't even like me," she stops, staring up at him. A meow. "Fuck you, too."

"George. Stop swearing at my cat," Dream wheezes, appearing at the other end of the hallway. "She can understand you, you know. She doesn't like you because you swear."

"That's bullshit." Patches scampers off, butting her head against Dream's leg.

"It's true," he tells him, a grin cracking on his face. George sighs - it's *way* too early to deal with a confident Dream. It's always too early to deal with a confident Dream. It's just *too* early in general. "See? She'd like you if you didn't swear so much. And, you need to pet her like this," George watches as Dream crouches down, cooing to the little bastard. He scratches her ears, and George swears she collapses to the ground as soon as he does, rolling over on her stomach, purring even louder. "She likes her ears scratched. And the sides of her face, and her chin, and the top of her head.." Dream trails off, his cat bumping her head against his hand, rumbling like a fucking freight train. Jesus Christ. "Come on, George. I taught you how to pet her, and you're just gonna stare?" He wheezes. "Go get George." And, to his surprise, Patches does. She flips back over, padding right on over to him, sitting directly in front of him.

George stares at the cat. He sighs. "How do you do that?" He asks, getting down to his knees, scratching behind her ears. She does the same thing she did for Dream, flopping on her back and purring.

"Do what?"

"Get her to listen to you," George frowns. "Like..I've never met a cat that would do that. She really does understand everything you say. It's weird."

"She's smart," Dream shrugs. "Patches is a good cat. She warned me of the zombies, actually," he grins. "When we were in the gas station, she just started to meow at me until I went outside. Then she yelled at me to get on the roof, so I did. And then, not even five seconds later, boom. Zombies everywhere. She's really smart," he smiles, looking fond. "I'm lucky to have her."

"Did you have her before?" George asks, trying to keep a smile off of his face. Patches is soft. And friendly, and cute, and just..he loves animals. He's always liked animals, especially cats. "Before the apocalypse." He clarifies, but he's pretty sure Dream knew what he meant. Dream's smart, George thinks. He's not an idiot. He knows how to survive, even if it seems like he absolutely should have died by now. He's a confident, cocky bastard who knows what he's doing. He's only cocky because he *can* be, he *knows* that he can be cocky, too. Which is bullshit. George has had to stop himself from beating Dream to death with his bare hands every time he mentions something cool he did, or how he fixed this, or how he did this, or-

"I had her before, yeah," George blinks, shaking his head to clear it. "Sapnap bought her for me as a gift," Dream smiles. "I'm glad he did. She's a really smart cat. She's nice, too. I don't think she's ever bitten me before. She *hated* Sapnap, though," he wheezes, eyes sparkling. "She would *not* let him anywhere around her. She always would attack him when he slept, I swear to god he almost moved out because of her," he laughs. George smiles a bit, scratching Patches' ears. "He always loved her, though. He'd try so hard to get Patches to like him, but she just wasn't into it. I think.." Dream's look turns solemn, a darkness falling over his eyes. "I think she knew," he looks up at George. "I think she knew what was going to happen. I don't know how. I've had her for a few

years now and the entire zombie thing happened, you know. Recently. But it's the only thing that makes sense. None of my other pets hated him. None of *his* pets hated him. Maybe that's why she likes you so much," George frowns, wiggling his fingers on the ground, watching as she bats at them. "Because you won't turn."

George swallows, not knowing what the hell he's supposed to say to that. Does he say sorry? What would he even be apologising for? What..Dream is *so* complicated. "Yeah," he agrees, not knowing what else he can say to that. Maybe he shouldn't have said anything at all. "We still don't know that," he pauses. "You know. If I won't turn."

"You won't," Dream stares at him, sounding confident as ever. "You would've by now. I would've by now. It's not like there's gonna be a second reckoning," he wheezes. "And even if there was, it'd only be getting rid of two people. The world's fucked like that, isn't it?" Patches flicks an ear, glaring up at her owner. "Oh, hush. George swears all the time and you still like him." Dream jabs a finger at his cat, who just rolls back over, letting George scratch her belly.

"Why Patches?"

"What?"

"The name. Why Patches?" Dream shrugs, giving a half-hearted smile.

"I don't know. I guess it just suits her. I'm kind of bad at giving pets names," he admits. "Did you have cats before? Or like, any pets?" George nods, quietly running his fingers through Patches' fur. "What kind?"

"Cats," he smiles. "A few. It was a while ago. I didn't bring them with me when I came to visit friends here," he sighs. "I left them at my parent's house. But I guess they're gone, too."

George blinks, feeling a hand on his leg, seeing Dream right in front of him. "I'm sorry. Really. I..I visited home," Dream sighs. "I wanted to see if anyone else was alive. My siblings were visiting and all, but..yeah. They were gone, too. And my parents. Patches got upset before we even opened the door, so I kind of already knew. But I needed to see it for myself," Dream offers him a smile. "But hey. We have each other now, right? We don't have to be lonely. We're friends now."

"Yeah," George agrees. "I'm sorry about your family."

"I'm sorry about yours," Dream tells him. "England is really, really far from here. I'm sorry that you can't have that peace of mind. The confirmation. I know everyone else is probably dead, too, but..it's easier when you can see it for yourself. Maybe it'll blow over," George snorts. "Don't look at me like that," Dream grins. "Seriously. I know it sounds stupid, but the apocalypse sounded stupid, too. Maybe people'll like, un-die. Or whatever. Maybe we can go back to visit, right? You can introduce me to your parents."

"You're acting like I'm your fucking boyfriend." Dream blinks, an eyebrow raised. Fuck. That slipped out. They've barely known each other for a week now, and George's already making jokes about that? The hell's wrong with him?

"Maybe I *am*," Dream teases, nudging George with his foot. "I'm deeply in love with you, Georgie. You're my missing puzzle piece. My one desire. My true love. I've been scouring the earth in search of a compatible partner, and it's you-"

"You are *such* an idiot," George giggles, shoving him back. "You weirdo. How do you just say shit like that without.." he waves a hand. "Thinking? Being weirded out by it?" Dream shrugs, which

is *so helpful*. "Seriously. I've never been able to do that."

"Fake flirt?" George nods, watching as Patches sprawls out on his lap. "It's just..I don't know, natural, I guess? I'm good at real flirting, why wouldn't I be bad at faking it?" He grins. "And I'm confident in literally everything I do. I don't have time to be nervous anymore."

"Yeah, you're a fucking idiot," he agrees. "Recklessly charging into the city like you can't die.." George shakes his head with a roll of his eyes. "I can't believe you haven't died yet." He's glad, though. He's really glad, actually. He's happy that Dream hasn't died. George already has gotten used to his presence in the bunker, his voice. His stupid tea kettle wheeze that probably attracts zombies by the hundreds. The way he talks, the way he gestures with his hands when he speaks. It's nice. It's really nice. It's nice to have someone else, and George is glad that that person is Dream.

"Thank you," Dream grins, "for the boost of confidence. I can just tell that you're in love with me, too. Why else would you save me from that hoard? You're totally obsessed with me."

"I am *not*."

"I think you are."

"Shut up."

"So you're admitting it?"

George flips him off, hiding a smile when Dream wheezes, doubling over like he's gonna piss himself or something. "No. Next time you say something like that, I'm locking you out of the bunker." Dream snorts, reaching over to pet his cat.

"The code is 3-2-3-8. I know how to get back in, George. You told me the code. You told me all the codes, you showed me literally every place I can get in and out," he beams. "I know you love me. You're just gonna take some time to admit it, 'cause you're stubborn and annoying and short, *and*-"

"I am *none* of those things!" George protests. "I'm changing the code. I can do that. I *will* do that. I'll watch you from here while you live your sad life out in the gas station. That's where you belong. I'm knocking you out and dragging you to the roof." Dream blinks at him, leaning forwards.

"I'm 6'3. You are small. I weigh more than you. I think I could kick you out of here before you could kick me out," he challenges. "Five dollars bet." George laughs, flipping him off.

"You dumbass. Money means nothing anymore. What's five dollars equivalent to? Five pounds? Three?" George frowns, scrunching up his face. He doesn't know. He genuinely isn't sure. "Either way, money is nonexistent."

Dream gasps, throwing a hand up to his mouth. "Oh my god."

"What?"

"We should go like, rob a rich person's house!" He grins. "That way, if everyone un-dies, we're the richest people in the world! How cool would that be? We'd be so fucking cool," Patches meows at him, ears flat on her head. "Shut it, Patches." Dream wheezes, his eyes sparkling in that way that means he's actually considering it. George has spent more than enough time with him to learn his language.

"We are *not* doing that," George tells him, glaring at the idiot. "No. That's ridiculous and stupid and you would get yourself killed. Also, we'd be arrested for manslaughter. Is that how it works? First degree murder? One of two. Because we've both killed people."

"Technically," Dream drawls, "it would be considered self-defense. They were trying to eat me, your honour. I had no choice but to beat them to death." George sighs, holding his head in his hand. Dream is such a fucking dumbass.

"You know, I can't believe I saved you. I should've left you on that roof."

"But you didn't," Dream sings. "You'd be lonely without me. Also, if you let me die, you'd have to go into the city to take care of my cat. You'd feel guilty if you let her roam out in the wild. Patches is smart, but she's awful at hunting. She chased a fly for like, twenty minutes. She didn't even manage to catch it," he smiles. "What's for breakfast?" George shrugs, shifting to stand up, scooping Patches up into his arms. "Do you want me to go get something? Like, hit a McDonald's or something? Some of the food there is still good. A lot of it is in the fridges. I mean, not all of the power went out. I don't think. Hell if I know how it works," he laughs. "There's a supermarket nearby the edge of the city. I can hit that up. Grab some pancakes."

"Cold pancakes. My favourite."

"We have a *microwave*, George," Dream sighs. George grins back at him, feeling a lot better than he had a few minutes back. "Do you want me to go grab something?"

George thinks on it for a few seconds, quietly wondering about it. If Dream didn't come back..George isn't quite sure what he'd do. Probably just go back to his schedule, he guesses. But then there would be Patches, who'd be a constant reminder of who he met. He..he'd have to let her out, wouldn't he? George can't go into the city. He can't do that, not anymore. He's terrified of the place. Patches would fend for herself out in the wilderness. She's smart, like Dream said. Maybe she's not a good hunter, but she's a *cat*. Cats are natural hunters, right? She'd learn. It'd be quiet without Dream. George has never liked the quiet.

"Stay," he swallows. "We have food here." Dream nods, a small smile on his face.

"Okay, George. I'll make us something," he starts to move, Dream by his side. "By the way. Why does your wardrobe consist of like, neutrals? You've got no colourful clothes. Except for like, one blue shirt." George frowns.

"I'm colourblind."

"Oh."

"It's not that big of a deal," George laughs, Dream's reaction way too overdramatic. "I'm red-green colourblind. So yellow and green look the same, purples and blues look similar. But I can see blue, I guess. That's the most vibrant colour to me. Everything else is a little bland. Or from what I've heard," he shrugs. "I wouldn't know. I never got to try out those glasses. The one's that'd, like, fix my vision."

Dream nods. "What colour am I wearing?" George sighs. Of course he'd ask that.

"Yellow."

"Green," he frowns. "You have piss vision." George gapes at him, eyes narrowed, mouth opening and closing like a goddamn fish.

"I have *what*?"

"Piss vision."

"I'm going to beat you to death with my bare hands. Oh my god, I am *going* to strangle you. What the hell is wrong with you?" Dream doubles over, wheezing so hard George is afraid he might suffocate, since he's not really breathing when he does that. "Dream! Knock it off, it's not even that funny-"

"It kinda is," he giggles, wheezing again. George rolls his eyes, punching the bastard in the arm.

"Oh my god. You should've seen your face. I wish I could like, take a picture. Oh my god."

"Fuck off."

George manages to not kill Dream throughout breakfast, listening to him wheeze. They share stories and joke about their lives, and George isn't really sure how he survived without him.

i've got room to grow

George breathes in through his mouth, the rotting corpse smell a little worse than it normally is. Dream is in the city, because of course he is, so George has to clear out the zombies on his own. Which is fine, it's not like he's fucking helpless without Dream. It's just easier when there's two people dealing with zombies. But it's not that big of a deal, he can shoot a couple of zombies. Thank god Dream brought him a pistol. He loves his crossbow, he really does, but it's annoying to reload, especially in high-pressure situations. George sighs, wrinkling his nose before he shoots another zombie in the head. Dream's been clearing them out so the stench doesn't stick around the bunker. George has no idea where the hell he's putting the bodies, but he could care less. It's not like he's eating them or anything. George's is pretty sure he'd know if his roommate was a fucking idiot. Well. More so of an idiot than he already is. Either way, it's nice of him.

It's nice to have *him*, George thinks. He frowns at himself, shooting a zombie in the head. He was doing just fine on his own. It's not like he needed Dream to crash into his life. They aren't really friends, more or less..companions. Roommates. They're the last two people on earth, what else was George supposed to do? Not let Dream into his bunker? Plus, he's a good shot. He's good at getting rid of zombies and making him laugh, and that's about it. George could kick him out at any point, he reminds himself. It's not like he's obligated to let Dream stay with him. He's not obligated to do anything, but he's still doing it. Just because he's..he's a little lonely. Even when Dream goes to the city for an hour or two, George gets..worried. Well, maybe "*worried*" isn't the right word. Mildly concerned. It's not like George wants to take care of Dream's stupid fucking cat.

George gasps when a zombie stumbles too close to him, too close for him to shoot without fucking up his ears. He falls back, hits the ground. *Shit*. Fuck, fuck, fuck, *no*. No, this is- he watches the zombie get lifted into the air, thrown over him a second later. "Jesus fucking Christ, George!" Dream's voice is like honey to his ears, a soothing sound that makes him feel so much better. "Are you okay?" A hand is in front of his face, and George takes it, stumbling forwards, his nerves on fire. His entire body is on fire, actually. Why is he so warm? He blinks, and..oh. Dream's arms are wrapped around him, his head resting on George's. "You scared me." Dream whispers. George doesn't..he doesn't know what to say. He just lets Dream hug him, and maybe he hugs him back a little, just so he'll stop shaking. Just to steady himself.

"I'm okay," George reassures him. He almost wasn't okay. He almost died. "How did you..how did you get back so fast?" His voice is shaking. He hates that. Dream pulls away, his hands firmly planted on George's shoulders. Like he's afraid of losing him.

"I felt wrong," Dream tells him. "I felt like something was wrong, so I came back. And thank fucking god I did," he breathes out. "Are you okay? Are you positive you're alright? The bastard didn't get you or anything, right? No scratches, no bites, nothing? It just startled you." He sounds so hopeful, so scared. George closes his eyes, nodding along with what he's saying.

"Yeah," he confirms. "Yeah. Nothing happened, I just got..I was surprised. I didn't see it and then it was there, and I.." he breathes out. "I fucked up."

"It's okay," Dream's voice is barely a whisper. "Let's go inside. Come on," George turns with Dream, following him as he punches in the code. "I brought you something I think you'll like. I hope you'll like it." He laughs, and it feels off. It feels weird, forced. George doesn't know why, but he doesn't like it.

"Okay," George murmurs. "I'm sorry."

"Don't," Dream shakes his head. "It's fine. It's not like it was your fault. It happens," he smiles. "I got surprised in the city, too. I turned around, and there was a tiny hoard shuffling towards me. It's not a big deal, George. You're okay now, right? Nothing bad happened. We're good. You're fine. You know I wouldn't let anything happen to you, right?"

George blinks, the words settling. "You don't even know me."

"I think I do," he argues. "You're a colourblind British man who swears a lot and is below the average height," Dream crosses his arms. "Anyways. Here," he slings his backpack over his shoulder, setting it on the table. George watches him open the front flap, another bag coming out. "It's yours. It thought you'd like it. I'm sorry if you don't. I can always take it back," Dream wheezes. "It's not like it's a big deal." George rolls his eyes, reaching into the bag. He feels plastic, frowning a little.

"What the hell?" He pulls the thing out of the bag, and..they're glasses. "You got me glasses."

"Just put them on, idiot," George does, scowling at Dream. "So. What do you think?" He blinks, about to tell Dream to go fuck himself, but..oh. "Yeah. I knew it. I knew they'd work!" Dream grins. "I really hoped that they would. I knew a colourblind person before the thing happened, right? And he was also red-green colourblind. So, um, I raided his house, yeah? And turns out, he had those! I don't know if it'll like, work for you, 'cause you know. Vision is different and all that, but I hope it does. If it doesn't, uh, I'm sorry. But I hope that it does. Can you see properly now? Or do you still have piss vision?" George laughs, punching Dream in the arm.

"Holy shit," he breathes out, looking around the room. Things are much more vibrant now. Not that much that it's life-changing, but..it's beautiful. He looks at Dream, specifically his hoodie. "That..it looks a lot less like yellow now. Is that how it always looks?"

"Probably," Dream wheezes. "I don't know. I can't see what you see, George. So..they work?"

"Yeah," George smiles. "They do. Thank you, Dream. Seriously. How do you even come up with this shit?" He laughs, ducking his head. Dream always manages to do this. "You're ridiculous."

"You love me anyways," he grins, waves a hand. "Oh! Patches!" He calls, and as *soon* as he says the name, the bastard cat comes running out of George's room. George glares at her, mentally preparing himself to find his entire room destroyed. Fucking cat. "I got *you* something too," Dream coos, opening his backpack again. "Here," he drops a bag of cat treats on the ground. "They're not the right brand, but you get what you can take, right?" Patches meows in agreement. George rolls his eyes, slipping off the glasses, tucking them into his shirt pocket. He wants to keep them safe, scratch free. He'll put them in his room, keep them safe from the stupid cat.

"You shouldn't let her eat all of them at once."

"She won't," Dream assures him. "Don't worry. She knows her limit," right as he says it, Patches wanders off, leaving almost the entire bag behind. "See? She's a smart cat."

"I'm really starting to think that she isn't a cat," George frowns, leaning back against his chair. "Seriously. She listens to you like a human, she can follow orders, she *talks back* when you talk to her.." he shakes his head. "She's not a cat, Dream. She's, like, a person. Reincarnated into cat form. She's too smart to be a cat."

Dream laughs, shrugging as he watches his stupid cat disappear. "I don't know. If she's a person, she's adapted really well to eating cat food," he grins. "Have you ever tried cat food?" George blinks at him.

"What the fuck is *wrong* with you?"

"It's a serious question!" He doubles over, wheezing so hard that George's shocked he still has oxygen. "I've had it. Sapnap dared me to eat like, an entire bowl of it. If you just plug your nose and forget what you're doing, it's not that bad, you know? Texture wise, though," Dream shudders. "It's like..I don't know. Licking a bus seat?"

"You've *licked* a *bus seat*?" George stares at him, mouth hanging open. What the fuck. What the *fuck* is wrong with the man he brought home? How did he get stuck with him? How did he manage to survive the zombie apocalypse when he's going around licking fucking bus seats? "Dream. We need to have a conversa-"

"No!" Dream giggles, bursting out laughing again. "No, oh my god, you're such an idiot. No. I haven't *licked* a bus seat, you dumbass. I just..that's what I think it'd feel like. Consistency wise."

"You think about licking bus seats."

"I'm literally going to beat you," Dream grins. "You're so annoying. Oh my god. You're the worst roommate."

"I am *not* your roommate," George jabs a finger to Dream's chest, glaring at him. "You're *my* roommate. This was my bunker, and then you just showed up one day and begged me to let you inside."

"You know," Dream beams, tapping his hand against the table. "I don't think that's quite how it happened. I think that you went out of your way to get to a gas station," he leans forwards, "to save me. Because you're madly in love with me."

"I hate you."

"I beg to differ."

"Then beg."

Dream blinks, clearly not having expected that. To be fair, George didn't think he'd actually say that. He didn't know those words were capable of coming out of his mouth, and now he really just wants to take it back. "Wow. Kinky." George feels his face heat up, because of fucking course it does.

"You know," he breathes out, "I think I genuinely hate you. All I feel is rage when I look at you. You disgust me." Dream wheezes, doubling over the table, burying his head in his arms. "Don't fucking laugh, you prick! It's not funny! *You're* not funny!"

"I think I am," he giggles, holding up a finger. "I'm the epitome of humour."

"I'm gonna kill you."

"You can try," Dream challenges, immediately raising his head, grinning like a madman. "Oh my god, do you wanna spar? Do you wanna duel? One v-"

George closes his eyes, wondering just how the hell he got here in his life. He rescued the *worst* person from that gas station, he decides. "I'm kicking you out. Take the cat with you. You're out of here. What the hell. Why are you *like* this?" George narrows his eyes, crossing his arms as he leans back in his chair. "You're the worst. You know, I might just kill you myself."

"You don't have it in you," Dream grins, leaning back in his chair. "I'm not all that worried. You're madly in love with me anyways. I think I'm good. Plus, you like me too much. And I think you'd be sad without me," he beams. "I bring you *gifts*, I keep you *safe*, you like my *cat*, I have the high ground here, Georgie. I'm your guardian angel."

"If you keep talking, I'm going to beat you to death," George tells him, fairly certain that he could probably tackle Dream. Probably. He might be a fucking giant, but he's also fifty percent legs, so George has a chance there. "Your gifts suck, I kept myself safe before you came along, and I do not like your cat. Fuck you."

"You love her!" Dream protests. "You love Patches! She's a sweetheart, right?" He snaps his fingers, and of course. There she is, pressing her nose against his leg. Fucking hell. "Patches, go bite him. He's calling you *names*," Dream crosses his arms, tilting his head up. Patches meows, sounding annoyed. "Patches. You can't go halvesies in a *war*."

George sighs. "She likes me more than you."

"She does *not*."

"I think she does," he laughs, standing up. "Okay, okay. Whatever. Fucking hell. Anyways," he closes his eyes, presses a finger to his temple. "Lunch. What's for lunch?" Dream grins, sliding his backpack across the table. "What did you..what did you smuggle out of the city?"

"It's not smuggling, George. Everyone is dead. It's gonna go to waste if I don't take it, you know," George reaches out, dipping his hand into the open pocket. He feels plastic, frowning. He pulls out a..a fucking *Lunchable*. He stares at Dream, gripping the stupid thing tighter. "It's the nacho kind. I thought you'd like that. I mean, I can go back to grab like, a pizza one. I didn't actually see a pizza one in the store, to be fair. But I could always check."

"Dream."

"Yeah?"

"You are *ridiculous*."

"You love me anyways," Dream grins, grabbing his bag back. He watches as Patches leaps onto Dream's lap, batting at something on the table. "Stop that," Dream laughs, shifting so Patches leaps back down, disappearing into George's room. "See? She loves you. She really likes you, George. Like, actually."

"I guess, yeah," he murmurs, unwrapping the Lunchable. "Is this gonna kill me? Does it have mold on it?"

"No. It was still cold when I got it out of the store. Sorry if it's a little more..melty. It spent a decent amount of time in my backpack. It has salsa and nacho cheese sauce, but there aren't ever enough chips to finish both of them. I'll share mine," Dream offers, pulling out his own Lunchable. "I don't mind. I don't really like them that much, but I can't really be picky in the apocalypse, right?"

"Right," George agrees, smiling a little. Maybe he won't kill Dream out of pure annoyance. He's..surprisingly nice. Charming in his own way, kind. Hard to disagree with, good with words. And he's cute, as much as George hates to admit it to himself. Dream is handsome, pretty, cute, whatever word there is for it. He's tall and smart and funny, and..yeah, he's not all that bad. Life's a lot better with him, George thinks. Even if he wouldn't admit it. "Thank you."

Dream flashes him that blinding, bright smile that could counter the sun. "No problem, George. I

don't mind going to the city. It's still..it's kinda like home, you know? That's where I was raised, and I lived there for, like, my entire life. It's hard to keep away from it."

"Even though it's infested?"

"Even though it's infested," Dream agrees. "I've got attachment issues, what can I say?" George laughs, dipping one of his chips in the salsa. "You know, you could come with me-"

"No."

"I'd keep you safe," he promises. "George, I swear. I've lived there for the past five months, right? I know everything about it. I've got ziplines set up, I could hook you up to the harness, you'd be above ground. Nothing could hurt you. I'd keep you safe, I swear. I wouldn't let something happen to you, George," Dream frowns, leaning forwards. "Really. I couldn't live alone again. I couldn't do it. I'd go insane, George. It was hard enough to think I was completely alone, but I'd die if you did. I can't be alone again."

George blinks, not having expected any of that. Would he die if Dream did? Would he be as upset as Dream would be? Being alone was awful. He didn't like it, he hated it. But he could bare it, it was manageable. Because he was supposed to be the last person around, but now..now he isn't. "I couldn't do it, either," he mumbles. Could he? Being alone sucked. It was hard and difficult and it *sucked ass*. It was awful, it hurt his head and it made him feel like he was going to throw up every single time he thought too hard about it. And now that Dream's here, if that was taken away from him..if Dream was taken away from him.."I'd go insane."

"I know," Dream tells him, a smile dancing across his face. "I know. You're like me, right? You don't like to be alone," George nods. "Seems like we're kind of connected then, huh? Your safety kinda just..ties into mine, then. I really don't want to see you get hurt. I wouldn't be able to stand it if I was alone again. George," he reaches forwards, squeezing his hand. "I promise I'd keep you safe if you let me take you to the city. I wouldn't let something happen. I promise. I know everything about it, I know the ins and outs, I know everything. I swear you'd be okay." George closes his eyes, feeling oddly warm.

"Maybe," he breathes out. "No promises at all, okay? I'm not agreeing to anything. Not yet. I still don't feel comfortable going there. Not yet."

"That's fine," Dream grins, his eyes softening. "I get it. Here. Wanna hear about the time that I accidentally fell in quicksand?"

"You *what*?"

Maybe it's because of what Dream said minutes ago, but George can't help but laugh and listen to Dream's stupid story intently. He can't stop staring at him, actually. Maybe it's just because he's not used to being with another person after being alone. Either way, he thinks, he's so happy he found Dream.

the sky broke apart and you appeared

Chapter Notes

i like this chapter a lot (make of that what you will :D)
also i might keep doing daily updates! i already have a lot of this planned/written out
so i might as well lmao

George frowns, feeling a weight on his chest. What the hell? He shifts, managing to open his eyes for a few seconds, and..oh. "Patches," he mutters, staring at the stupid cat. For a cat, she's like, the weight of a small child. "How'd you even get in here?" He asks, receiving a meow in response. "Don't talk back to me, Patches. That's rude," another meow. George rolls his eyes, pushing himself up so he's sitting, back pressed against his headboard. "Come on. You need to go. I'm not going to baby you like your dad does," he blinks, frowning at himself. "Like Dream does," he clarifies. "He babies you too much. Come on. Get down," he gestures to the ground. Patches just stares at him, unblinkingly. "Patches. Listen. This is ridiculous. I..how did you even get in here? I keep my door *locked*, Patches. Do you know how to pick locks?" A meow. "Of course," George grumbles, deciding to just give up on his mini-war with the cat. He scoops her up into his arms, letting her scramble up to his shoulder, perching there like a fucking parrot. "Where's Dream?" Patches meows, long and low. "Did he leave?" Another meow in response. "He didn't even tell me," George frowns, a wave of disappointment crashing over him. He likes his early mornings with Dream. Where they're both still exhausted, but they manage to drag themselves out of their rooms, throwing themselves at the kitchen table. It's nice. Dream's always nicer when he's tired, and George..he finds it endearing. Dream is endearing in general, it's just his personality. "Did he tell you?"

Patches meows, leaping off of his shoulder, landing perfectly on the table. "Get down," George chides. "Just because Dream lets you up there when he's eating doesn't mean I will," he points to the ground, watching as the cat glares at him. She does jump down, though, which is good. Dream wasn't lying when he said that Patches was smart. "I don't want cat hair all over my food. You know that," he moves to open a top cabinet, grabbing the bag of cat food from it. He reaches into the bag, finding the small plastic bowl Dream uses to fill up Patches' food bowl. "You know, for as small as you are, you eat a lot," Patches glares at him, tail lashing back and forth as she paces in front of her food dish. "I'm just saying," George holds up his hands, smiling. "No judgement here. Trust me," he scoops up her food, pouring it in her dish. It's not all that special, just a glass bowl with her name engraved into it. Dream had it before he came here. Because of *course* he did, he's *Dream*. "I can't believe I'm talking to a *cat*," Patches turns to look up at him, eyes narrowed. "Don't look at me like that," she chuffs, but turns back to eat her food. Christ. "When did he leave?" George asks, mostly to himself. It's not like Dream *has* to tell him that he's leaving, but it..it's nice to know.

George drums his fingers against the table, wondering if he should make breakfast. What does Dream even like? When did he start to *care*? George sighs, cracking his knuckles. "Um," he clears his throat, watching as Patches turns to look at him. "Patches, I need to tell you something," she blinks at him, clearly waiting. God, she can't be a cat. "I think I like your owner," Patches flicks an ear, meows, and keeps eating. "I..that's all you have to say to me? Really? I know you're not a normal cat, you little shit," he crouches down, frowning. "Patches. Look at me," she does, eyes narrowed. "Listen, you little shit. You're not a normal cat," she meows, loudly, slapping him in the

face with her tail. "Fuck you," George scoffs, standing back up. "You suck. I'm kicking you out. I'm not going to feed you anymore," he tells her, crossing his arms. "I swear, Patches, you are an annoying prick-"

He hears the bunker door buzz, click, and swing open. His heart leaps into his throat, and he feels like a fucking loser. Why the hell is he so happy to know that Dream's home? Home? In the bunker. Whatever. "Oh, George!" Dream calls out, his grin obvious. "I brought you a fun little surprise!" He snorts. George watches as his roommate leans against his doorframe, beaming at him. "Hi." He grins, and..oh. George frowns, standing a little straighter.

"Dream."

"Yeah?" He tilts his head, raising an eyebrow. "What's up, Georgie? Why..why're you looking at me like that?" Dream's smile drops into a frown, genuine concern seeping onto his face. "George?"

"You're bleeding," George whispers. "You're bleeding, Dream. Oh my god," he stumbles back, heart pounding in his chest. "Dream. Dream, what happened? Dream, you didn't...a zombie didn't get you. It didn't, right? You.." Dream looks down at his arm, frowning a little. A smile cracks onto his face, followed by a wheeze. "What the fuck, Dream? What the hell are you-"

"George," his voice is soft. "I'm okay," Dream takes a step forwards, hands up. "I'm fine, I promise. I *promise*, okay? It was just a piece of metal. I was..I was running, right? I tripped, and tried to grab onto something, and I fucked up. I..George," Dream stares at him. "If I got hurt by a zombie, I wouldn't come in the bunker. I would've told you from outside of it. George, I'd self-sacrifice, I swear. I don't want you to get hurt."

George nods, feeling a lot calmer. The thought of Dream dying..he doesn't like it. He doesn't like thinking about it, he really doesn't. He *just* stopped being alone, he can't go back to that, not again. "Okay," he breathes out. "Sit down. I'll bandage it up. I'm good at first aid." Dream wheezes, but he does sit.

"You don't have to. I took care of myself when I was alone, George. I can do it myself."

"No," he glares at him. "I'm doing it. Fuck you," Dream wheezes again, but it's quickly replaced with a fond smile. Fond? Is it fond? George shakes his head, pacing into his room. Whatever. He opens his closet, grabbing the untouched first aid kit. Bad had given him one when they met. He wishes Bad was still here - he was such a good person. Good with knives and guns, too. He had killed at least a hundred zombies before he turned. "Here," George sets the kit down, grabbing a chair and sliding it by Dream's side. "Why were you running?"

"Well," Dream sighs. "I got myself cornered, right?" George glares at him. "Shut up. It wasn't my fault. I ended up scaling a wall, leaping a fence, and then..well, I kinda started to run. Accidentally tripped a little, cut myself. I didn't feel it because of adrenaline, you know. But it kind of bu- ow!" Dream cries out, yanking his arm back. "George! What the hell? Give me a warning!" George snorts, leveling his roommate with a very unimpressed glare. "Do *not* look at me like that, piss vision."

"I hate you," George tells him. "I don't have *piss vision*. It's called being *colourblind*, Dream. Insult me one more time, I'm pouring all the rubbing alcohol in your cut. I swear to god, I'll do it."

"You'd never," Dream grins, clearly challenging him. George wants to, he wants to *so badly*, but he doesn't. He settles for a sigh and a punch to his roommate's shoulder, grabbing the gauze in the kit. "See? Told you. You're a huge softie. How was your day with Patches? Your morning, I guess. Oh, she wanted in your room. I hope you don't mind that I picked the lock."

George sighs. "You could've just woken me up and told me you were going out. I was wondering where you went for a second," Dream looks guilty for a second, ducking his head. "Not like I give a shit. You're a fucking adult, you can do what you want. But it was weird for a second. You've grown on me. Like a parasite."

"Aww," Dream coos, his eyes lighting up. "I love you too, George," he beams, setting his arm back on the table. "Thanks for feeding her. I forgot to, I normally feed her at lunch. What were you talking about when I came in here? I know Patches is a good listener." George blinks, hoping that his face doesn't get red.

"Nothing important," he mutters, wiping Dream's cut with the alcohol pad, smearing blood across his arm. "God. I hope this isn't too deep."

"It's okay," Dream shrugs. "I've come back from worse. Oh! I got us a bonsai tree," he grins. "I thought you'd like plants. So I stole us a tree. God, there were so many rich people living there. It's like a fucking..potluck, but for materialist items. It satisfies the thief in me, I think. Other than the tree, I also grabbed like, a couple thousand dollars. Just in case," he laughs. George sighs, disappointed in the person he decided to bring home. Of course it'd be someone like Dream. "Um, I got us new guns. A sniper rifle and a semi-automatic..thing. I don't know guns," he admits. "But it works, I got us a bunch of ammo and stuff, clips, mags, everything we could ever need. A new axe for me, a couple new knives for you. Oh, and a new crossbow. It's easier to load and it's a lot lighter than your old one. I know you use guns now, but I thought you'd might like it." George can't help but smile, wrapping Dream's arm with gauze, taping it up once he cleans off the rest of the blood.

"I will. Thanks, Dream. What did you get for the cat?"

"Why do you assume that I always get something for Patches?"

"Dream."

"Okay," he sighs. "I got her a scratching post and a box of toys," Dream admits. "I think she'll like them. And catnip. So much fucking catnip," he grins. "She likes catnip."

George rolls his eyes. "Most cats do like catnip, Dream. It's not just a Patches character trait. My cats also liked catnip," Dream flips him off, which makes him laugh, for whatever reason. "How the hell do you even fit all of that shit in your bag? It's not that big of a backpack."

"I manage," Dream grins, leaning back in his chair. "The bonsai tree took up most the room."

"Why the fuck did you think a bonsai tree would be a nice addition to this place?"

"Trees are nice," he argues, pulling out..yeah, it's a fucking bonsai tree. George isn't sure what he expected, it's *Dream*. "Like, George. Look at it! It's so small!" He coos. "It's tiny! Just a baby! We've got a *sink*, we have.." he gestures to the extremely small window that shouldn't even be there, "a window! Light source! It's perfect. It'll tie the bunker together."

"You are *impossible*, Dream," George laughs, but he's really not all that bothered. Even if the stupid tree is probably going to die within a few days. "Um, listen. I need to tell you something," Dream shifts in his seat, clearly listening. "It's gonna sound really stupid."

"No, it won't," Dream assures him. "Don't worry. I'm not gonna judge, George. Trust me."

"Okay," and he does. He does trust him, even if it's stupid. George's been trying to deny it for the past two weeks, but he can't, not anymore. He's stupid, too. "I think I like you."

Dream blinks at him. "Thanks. I like you too, George."

"No, you fucking.." he groans, squeezing his eyes shut. "I like you like..boyfriends. I like you like more than friends. Like..I want to kiss you. I like you like that. You idiot."

"*Oh*. Okay. I was wondering when you'd admit to it."

"What?" George snaps open his eyes, glaring at the dumb bitch in front of him. He pours his fucking heart out, and-

"Oh my god," Dream wheezes, standing up out of his chair. "George. We've been flirting for the past two weeks," he smiles, leaning over him. "I like you like boyfriends."

"Oh," is all George manages to say, staring up at Dream. "I thought.." he swallows, shifting in his chair. "I didn't think you felt the same."

"I've been flirting with you nonstop!" He grins, leaning even closer to him. "George, you're the most oblivious person I've ever met. Like, seriously. You know," Dream smiles. "I think, even if the apocalypse hadn't happened, I think we would've found each other. I like you, George. Not just because you're like, the last person around, but because you're *you*. You're clever and funny, you're oddly charming, you..you make me laugh. You take my mind off of things, you know? I like you. As a person, not just as someone who's hot."

George snorts, ducking his head. "You're shit at flirting."

"I'm excellent at flirting," Dream grins. "You should kiss me."

"You should kiss *me*."

"Demanding," but he does, leaning down, and *holy shit*. It's been *so* long, George thinks, kissing him back. He wraps his arms around Dream's neck, almost bringing him down to the ground, closing his eyes. Dream eventually moves back, that stupid, cocky grin plastered across his face. "Hi."

"Hey."

"Patches is staring at us," Dream whispers. George bursts out laughing, giving him a shove back. "What? I'm just saying! She doesn't like PDA."

"It's not even PDA!" George protests, rolling his eyes. "We're in the comfort of our own bunker. The only other people who could complain are the *zombies*. Patches can't even talk, she doesn't get an opinion. She's a cat, Dream. Don't you dare side with your cat over your.." he pauses. "What's..what are they? What's the label?"

"Over my boyfriend," Dream slowly says for him, over-pronouncing the words. "Are you scared of the word?" George glares at him. "Seriously," Dream wheezes. "I mean, like, do you not like labels or whatever? I don't really give a shit, but I mean, if you do, I'm okay with whatever. We've got like, all the time in the world to figure it out, right?"

George smiles, standing up, wrapping his arms around Dream, who lets him. Of course he does. "Yeah. I'm okay with boyfriends."

"Good," he sounds like he's smiling, which he probably is. Dream smiles a lot. George likes that, he likes his smile. He likes *Dream*. "You know what?" Dream shifts back, grinning so wide it has to hurt. "I'm gonna make us breakfast. Show off my cooking skills."

George laughs, but not for very long, considering how Dream's a *shit* cook. He almost burns down their bunker, their home. *Their home*. The words echo in his head, and George smiles as Dream tries to put out the stove fire he created, watching from the doorway, Patches brushing up against his legs. Yeah, George thinks. This is definitely home, isn't it? There's no where else he'd rather be than here, and he's pretty sure his boyfriend, *boyfriend*, feels the same.

i wanna wake up with you

Chapter Summary

>:D

Chapter Notes

i also really like THIS chapter, so make of that what you will! :D

It's been a little over two days now. A little over a month that they started to date. George's kept track, because why wouldn't he? He always keeps track. And it's been a little over two days since Dream and him got into an argument, and Dream went to go "cool off" by taking a walk. And he hasn't come back. George..George might not be the best at figuring out people, but he can figure out Dream, and *god*, he *knows* that something's wrong. Because Dream wouldn't just leave him like that. And he wouldn't just leave *Patches* like that. He might've been mad at him, sure, but he wouldn't have left his cat behind. But he did. Which isn't like him at all, Dream would never do that. George waited out the first day, figuring *maybe* he went to the city, went to his old apartment. He could've done that, it wouldn't have been all that surprising to George. Dream always goes to the city, but he also always *came back*. This time, he hasn't.

So George knows something's wrong. He just *does*. It isn't like Dream. Even if he was so pissed off that he hated George's guts, he would've come back. Neither of them like being alone, Dream least of all. He would've put up with it, just so he didn't have to be on his own. George *knows* that, he *understands* it. He understands *Dream*. George knows that he would've come back. If anything..he would've taken Patches. He wouldn't have left his cat with him. He would've taken Patches with him and he didn't, he *fucking didn't*. George hasn't been able to stop pacing, his nerves skyrocketing. He's barely been able to sleep, he hasn't been able to breathe properly ever since Dream left. Something is *so* fucking wrong, it's so wrong. He feels wrong without him, he feels..terrible. He doesn't like to be on his own, he really doesn't, but he could put up with it. Ever since he met Dream, ever since he *kissed* him, George hasn't been able to stand it. Not for long periods of time. More than twelve hours of silence is too much, it hurts too much. It makes his head spin and makes him feel sick, like he's going insane. Like he's going to start pulling out his hair and crying, because *holy shit it's too fucking quiet*-

Dream wouldn't do that do him. George knows him, he..he wouldn't. Dream couldn't do something like that. He's a big fucking teddy bear who's always cared too much about everyone else and not enough about himself. No matter how angry he was, he'd come back. George would do the same. They both would. So why the *fuck* hasn't Dream come back? George knows that he..there's always the chance. No. *No*, there's not a fucking chance. Dream is too smart, too clever. He's not a fucking idiot, he's not stupid. He's survived in the *city*, and that's the most dangerous place to be. Dream couldn't have..there's no way. He couldn't have. He's too smart. Even when he lapses on things, forgets basic math, he's still able to survive. Dream, George thinks, would be able to survive the end of the world completely alone without any tools. So giving him a gun and a knife is like letting a wolf spider in an ant's nest. Nothing stands a chance against him. Dream's the smartest person

he's met, he's a clever bastard who always manages to escape death while wheezing at it. He couldn't have..

George can't make himself say it. He can't say it, he can't *think* it. The word won't pop into his head, and he's so fucking glad it won't. He refuses to even think about it. George just..he just wants Dream to come home. He just wants Dream to come back to their stupid little bunker in the middle of nowhere. He wants Dream to come home, to pet Patches and talk to her like she's a person, to mock George's height. To kill zombies with him, to go on little "dates" to that stupid fucking gas station across the road. George..he just wants him back. He just wants him to be okay. Even if they broke up or whatever, George wouldn't *care*. He just wants Dream back. He needs him to be okay - it isn't even a want. It's a necessity to him. Dream *has* to be safe. He has to be. George can't live in a world without him.

"Patches," the cat immediately looks up at him, meowing. She's missed him, too. She's never been alone this long. She hasn't had Dream be gone this long. She understands. "Patches, we need to find him," George's voice breaks, shatters. He doesn't care, that's not fucking important. What's important is *Dream*, and he's *gone*. "He had to have gone to the city, right?" He clears his throat, eyes watering. Last time he went to the city was at the beginning of the apocalypse. He almost broke his ankle, almost got swarmed in the middle of the road. He barely managed to make it out, and it was *so fucking terrifying*. He was so close to dying. He was arm's length with zombies at all times, constantly surrounded. There wasn't a moment where George was safe, and the more he tried to escape, the worse it got. The more zombies there were, the more he was trapped. He couldn't get out, and he..he swore he would never go back there. He lied to himself, he thinks. "Patches. We need to go there."

George grabs Dream's backpack, opens the main pocket. He turns it upside down, dumping everything out. A gun hits the table, a couple of peanut butter crackers. A bottle of water spills out, sliding off of the table, hitting the ground. "He's a hoarder," George croaks, a faint smile on his lips. Dream didn't even take his backpack. He didn't even take anything like food or water. He didn't expect to be gone for so long. He couldn't have. He would have taken his bag with him. "Okay," George breathes out, grabbing his own gun from the shelf, shoving it in its holster. "Patches. Get in the bag," he pats the table, but she just..doesn't. "Patches. Get in the *bag*," George repeats, crossing his arms. "Patches, seriously. I'm not joking. I'm serious about this," Patches flattens her ears, stalking towards..the bunker door. "You want to fucking *walk*?" He calls after her, receiving a meow. "Whatever," Dream would kill him for this. Dream would kill him if he let his cat die. But she's..she's not stupid. Patches is barely even a cat, she's more like a human on four legs. "Fine." George grabs a water bottle from their fridge, throwing in a couple bags of trail mix. He's never liked trail mix. He grabs his crossbow, his knife tucked into his boot. Another knife carefully looped into his belt. He grabs Patches' food, the entire bag. He might as well.

He throws Dream's bag over his shoulder, sparing a glance into his room. Empty. What the hell did he expect? For Dream to just materialize into the room? George shakes his head, punching the numbers into the pad. *Fuck*. He doesn't want to go to the city. He doesn't want to go. He wants to stay here so bad, he wants to wait *so badly*, but he can't. Dream wouldn't wait for him, so why would he? George hesitates for a second, rushing back to the kitchen table, grabbing a piece of paper and a pen from the desk by it. Dream brought that home once - he likes to write, apparently. George scribbles down where he's going, his thoughts, that he loves him. Where Patches is, how she wanted to come with. He sets it on the table, racing back to the bunker door, which is still opening. Thank god it's slow. As soon as it's open, he feels his heart drop, his eyes starting to water even more. *Fuck*. Last time he was in the city..

He closes his eyes, clenching his hands into fists. Okay. He's okay. George opens his eyes again, staring in the direction of the city. "Come on," he pats his leg, watching as Patches starts to walk

with him, never falling behind or going faster than him. God, she's such..she can't be a cat, there's no way. Absolutely no way. George keeps walking, his legs feeling like they're turning to stone. He's so scared. He's *so* scared. But Dream would do it for him, so why the hell would he not do it for Dream? He has to, George reminds himself. Even if he wants to throw up, even if he feels so sick, like he's going to die. Patches yowls suddenly, and George whirls around, gun out of its holster. He shoots the zombie that snuck up behind him in the face, watching as it tumbles to the ground. "Shit. Thanks, Patches." She blinks at him as a response, continuing her trot along side him. Thank god for her. *Thank god*. He hadn't even heard it shuffling, it wasn't groaning or anything. It didn't even make a *sound*, if he hadn't..if Patches hadn't..Dream was right. She really is a guardian angel.

He can see the city in the distance, the towering buildings. Half of them are caved in, rain soaking through the roofs, collapsing inwards. George feels his stomach flip, his hands starting to shake. He has to go there. He has to. That's where..that has to be where Dream is. He didn't see..he didn't a body. George gags at the thought, at the word. He didn't see Dream on his way here. Patches didn't see him either, George's assuming. She'd be the first to spot him, but..she hasn't. "Patches," he whispers, spotting a ladder on the side of a building, leading all the way up to the top of it. "Did Dream put that there?" She meows at him, flicks an ear. George watches as she bounds over to it, sitting directly in front of the ladder. "That's a yes," he murmurs, crouching as he makes his way up, barely able to keep a grip on the ladder. "Come on," Patches leaps up onto his shoulder, shifting so she won't fall off. God, she's too fucking smart. George starts to climb, trying not to go too fast. But panic grips at his chest, his heart seizing. His lungs burn for whatever fucking reason, and he..George breathes out, counting to five. He's okay. He refocuses on his surroundings, climbing faster. As soon as he reaches the top, he grabs the ladder, dragging it up with him. "Fuck."

George stares at the ladder, shocked at how fucking big it is. It's almost as long as the roof. Dream had to have made this himself. There's no way there're ladders that long. No way. He hears groaning, shuffling from underneath him. George doesn't see anything leading down to the building he's on, but that doesn't mean anything. He peers over the ledge, and..oh. There are at least fifty zombies, staring right back up at him. He stumbles back, ass hitting the ground. "Fuck," he whispers, Patches bumping up against his leg. "Patches, how the fuck..how the hell do I do this?" He cries, feeling tears slip. Fuck, he tried so hard, tried so hard to focus, to relax, to..to..

George brings his knees up to his chest, burying his face in them. He wraps his arms around his legs, wanting so badly to go home. He's not nearly as fucking clever as Dream is. He's not like him at all, he can't just explore somewhere like this. He's going to die here. He's going to fucking die, and it..he doesn't want to die. He doesn't want to die. George feels Patches snuggle under his arms, somehow managing to sit on his stomach. "Patches, I'm not in the mood," George murmurs, tears streaming down his face. He's never been emotional. He very rarely cried. He never found it important, he's not..he isn't very sensitive, but he can't do it. He can't do *this*. "I want to go back home," George tells her, letting the fucking cat snuggle with him, her purring making him feel a little better. "He's alive, right Patches?" She meows, slamming her head up into his chin. "Ow, what the *fuck*, Patches?" George can't help but laugh, untangling his limbs. Okay. He's...he's better, now. He's not as upset. Thank god for the stupid cat. "Okay, I get. Patches? Is Dream dead?" She stares at him, her mouth *almost* quirking up into a smile.

"Gonna take that as a no," he decides, standing up, letting Patches leap off of him. "Okay. Let's find him, okay? Let's find Dream," Patches meows, standing up with him. "How..how do I even..get past this? George asks, mostly to himself. "I can't jump buildings," Patches meows again, bonking his leg. "What?" He looks down, following her as she walks towards.. "A harness," George breathes out, scanning the area around him. He can *see* the ziplines, and there..oh. There's one attached to his building. "Dream put this up everywhere, huh?" He smiles, a little less freaked out.

Even if Dream..even if he's gone, his mark isn't. His imprint on literally everything is still here, because of course it is. He grabs the harness, struggling to hook it onto his body, much less the wire. He manages, though, hoping to god that he did it right. It feels secure, so George's assuming he'll be fine. And even if he didn't do it right, he'd be dead as soon as he hit the ground. Although getting eaten by zombies doesn't sound fun, at least he'd be dead when it happened. Or maybe he'd turn fast enough, become one of the hoard. That freaks him out more than just getting eaten, he's pretty sure. "Right." He scoops Patches into his arms, hoping for the best. He hops off the ledge, tensing himself up, and-

It feels like he's *flying*.

A spike of adrenaline rushes to his head, and George can't help but laugh, grinning as he speeds over the zombies, Patches completely calm in his arms, purring a little, even. "Hell yeah!" He grins, keeping his voice down even if he wants to shout. He feels himself tumble to the ground, the next building over. George turns, looking back, and..god, it probably wasn't even a minute that he was on that, but *god*. His heart hammers in his chest, but in the good way, the way that makes him crave more.

His friends always said that he was an adrenaline junkie.

George breathes out, having a hard time keeping the grin off of his face, a laugh in the back of his throat. "You liked that too, huh, Patches?" He beams at the cat, who calmly stares back up at him, flicking a singular whisker. "Dream probably did that a lot," George smiles, eyes crinkling a little. If the city wasn't overflowing with zombies, he'd like to live here. He'd like to come back. He liked the city, he liked living here before the apocalypse. The small shops scattered throughout it, the bigger markets on the edges of the city. It was nice. George breathes in, closing his eyes for a second. He cracks one open, spotting the next wire right ahead of him. "What do you think?" He asks the cat in his arms, staring at the wire. "Should I keep going?" Patches meows, loud enough to be considered a warning, but warm enough for him to be pretty sure he's fine. "Okay," George smiles, hooking himself up to the next wire, his heart slamming against his chest. "Let's go, Patches."

And they do, soaring from building to building, very rarely pausing to take a drink or whatever. George ends up finding little caches, little spots Dream had clearly set up for himself. A couple of chairs on roofs, a few coffee tables here and there. A couple of footlockers thrown around, positioned dangerously close to the edge. They're filled with *fresh* food, fresh water, nothing is moldy or old. Even if he didn't come here recently, he clearly never stopped restocking things, just in case. Of course he would, he's too smart. George keeps going, calling out Dream's name every single chance he gets, wishing that he'd get a response.

At least he's getting close. At least he's not that far off.

Hopefully.

is a light ever lost?

Dream, admittedly, didn't think this would happen. Not to him, at least. Maybe if he had been more careful, things would've gone differently. At least he's still alive, which is saying something, but *still*. It's not even like he's *seriously* hurt, just..a little scrapes and a few bruises. One or two cuts. Oh, and the broken leg he got from falling off his own zipline. Thank god he crashed into a building, a building with very few zombies. Even though he'd much rather be above ground, this is..it's okay. It's acceptable. It's okay for now, and he can still get out of this situation fairly easily. Dream really, really wishes that he had just stayed home, just talked things out with George. But *no*, he let his pride get the best of him. That's always been his biggest flaw - his pride. His confidence, his tendency to rush into things headfirst, without considering what could happen. He sighs, shifting on the ground. He managed to crawl around a little, but the blinding pain ended up getting to be too much. Now he's just stuck here, waiting until..waiting until *what*?

George is *terrified* of the city. Dream literally never could get him to go with him, *ever*. He always shot him down, always told him no, and eventually, Dream stopped asking. He can understand it, sort of. He understands that it's hard to get over fears, especially when death is a possibility of one of those fears, but..Dream wouldn't have let anything happen to his boyfriend. He'd rather die than have something bad happen to George. To be fair, Dream thinks, maybe he shouldn't have fucking offered. Considering how he can't even manage his own goddamn zipline. Dream breathes out, shifting a little. He winces, a blinding flash of pain crashing over him. God, that..that's really bad. Obviously, it's a broken bone, but still. He wishes that he had Patches. He wishes he had George. "Okay," he breathes out. Dream's always had to talk to himself to get himself motivated. "Time to get up," he smiles a little, figuring that might lift his mood up, even though he's probably gonna die doing this. "For George and Patches," he grins, reaching up for the island next to him, digging his nails into the smooth wood. "Ouch."

Dream lifts his good leg up, balancing on that one. His broken one hangs limp at his side, burning, sending lightning up his bones. "Okay," Dream blinks, steadying himself as best as he can. God, it hurts *so bad*. He's not sure what he expected, he has a broken *leg*. He's not sure which bone he broke for sure, but he's leaning towards femur. Probably the femur. He shuffles a little, bouncing to the side. Alright, it's not as bad as he thought. If he can just get used to walking on it, he'll be fine. Sure, it hurts, but he can *deal* with pain, right? He's in a goddamn zombie apocalypse, how bad can it be? Dream breathes out, gripping the wood as hard as he can. "Fuck," he never used to swear until he met George. He can't believe how much that man has influenced him. "Up," Dream tells himself, reminds himself. He slowly sets his other foot down, shifting his weight to be half and half. As soon as he does that he cries out, tears welling up in his eyes. *God*, it hurts *so much*. "Fuck," Dream whispers, not entirely sure what he expected. He shifts his weight back over to his other leg, hopping to the side. "This is great."

He keeps doing that, pain shooting up his leg every single time he moves. But it's alright, because it's going to be worth it. It has to be worth it. George and Patches are worth it. They always have been. He eyes the stairs, dreading having to go up them. But he will, he's not going to give up now, not that he's finally stood up and started to move. Dream breathes out, hobbling towards the stairs, immediately grabbing the handrail when he reaches them. He counts eight stairs. Eight times he has to put his foot down. Easy. Dream manages the first three stairs fairly easily, trying his best to ignore the pain. He's been through worse, he's..

He's been bit before, hasn't he? And he managed to survive that. Why would a broken bone be worse than *that*? Dream snorts, dragging himself up the stairs. He probably should've told George about that. About what happened to him all those months ago. It had been the beginning of the

apocalypse, and Dream hadn't been fast enough to get to a roof. A zombie grabbed him by the back, slammed him to the ground. It only took a few seconds, it only took him a couple of seconds to kick the thing off of him, but it was too late. The bite almost took off his entire hand, and *god* there was so much blood. It was awful, those were some of the worst moments of his life. He had barely managed to grab Patches, scrambling up his apartment stairs, locking the door behind him. Dream had been certain that he was going to die, and technically..

Technically, he did.

Although he's not sure if he'd consider it "dying", since he came back a few minutes after turning, but still. He doesn't remember much of what happened to him when he was turned, when he was a feral, blood-lusting zombie like everyone else. But he knows that he didn't like it very much, and that he didn't..that he didn't want it to happen. So it didn't. That was probably around the time Patches started to get smarter, to become a lot more aware. Dream always thought she was a smart cat, but after he was bit, there was something..different about her. Wrong, almost. A little off-putting. She acted too much like a human, too much like a real person. Dream's still not entirely convinced that Patches isn't just Sapnap reincarnated. He sighs, going up the next three stairs. Just two more to go. Two more until he gets to the roof. He scales up them, carefully keeping as much weight off of his leg as he can. Getting turned *sucked*, it just did. It was awful and annoying and his head was *so foggy*. That's probably the only reason he managed to survive this long, Dream thinks. Because he knows how they think. Because he *was* one of them.

He stumbles up the last stair, slamming the door open with the side of his body. He closes it behind him, scanning the area around where he's at. Dream frowns, spotting one of his caches..opened. A footlocker is completely turned over, a water bottle is half empty. What the hell? Dream drags himself to the chair, balancing on that for a couple of seconds. He always left a second harness in the locker, and he's pretty sure he still sees it there. If he didn't..he wouldn't be able to go anywhere. And he *can't* walk, for that matter. If there wasn't a harness, he'd have to survive with what he had in the cache. Which has been looted. "George!" Dream shouts, cupping his hands to his mouth. That's the only option there is. It has to be George. It had to have been, there's *no* one else *alive*. "George!" He calls out, gripping the chair harder.

"Dream!" The response echoes in his ears, and he can't..*yes!* Yes! George is alive, and he's here, and *holy fucking shit George is in the city*. Panic surges into Dream's chest, gripping him harder than it ever has. "Dream, I..I see you!" George screams back, and Dream..he can see him, too. He spots him a couple of buildings across from him, a harness strapped onto his chest. And..there's Patches, standing right next to him. Of course he brought Patches. "Oh my god, are you okay?"

"I'm alright," Dream promises, smiling weakly at his boyfriend. George should *not* be here. Not by himself. Dream's fairly certain it's been two or three days now, and George..he doesn't know how to navigate this place. To be fair, he has Patches. And Dream took Patches everywhere in the city, considering how goddamn smart she is. "Just..uh, I broke my leg?" He grins, stomach doing flips. George shouldn't be here. He shouldn't have ever gone to the city, he shouldn't have...

George doesn't know what really is here. George doesn't understand what kind of danger he's in. "You fucking..*what?*" George shouts, his voice wavering. "Dream, what the hell?"

"Not my fault!" He shoots back. He spots Patches staring at him, and he stares back. She has to understand. She has to understand that George shouldn't be here. She flicks her ears, sitting down. "Okay, you just..you stay there, okay?" George is on one of the safer buildings, one that's always been reliable. "I'll come to you."

"You have a-"

"I've got a harness, don't worry," Dream grins, sauntering over to the cache. He manages to get there before falling to his knees, holding back a scream. *Fuck*, that hurt. He digs the harness out of the footlocker, strapping it onto himself, forcing himself to stand back up. The pain is manageable, now. It still hurts like a bitch, but he can deal with it. Pain hasn't really affected him all that much ever since he got bit. But bones, apparently, are a different matter. He hooks himself up to the wire, taking a leap off of the building, sliding towards George's. He unhooks himself from that wire, hooking himself to the next one. George is just a building away, just one more wire away. He leaps to the next building, only a building away from his boyfriend now. "George," Dream breathes out. How the hell did he survive on his own? George isn't stupid, he's not weak, either. But the city is *not* somewhere he should be alone. Not without Dream as a guide. He hooks himself to the next wire, sliding to George. He ends up crashing into him, actually, stumbling into his arms. "Hey."

"Oh my god," George squeezes him, resting his head on Dream's shoulder. "Oh my god, I love you. I'm so sorry."

"Don't," Dream laughs, hugging him back. He's okay, now. He's okay. George's okay. Nothing can happen to him anymore, Dream's with him. Dream vowed to keep him safe, and that's what he's going to do. "It's okay, Georgie. I love you, too. We're fine. You're fine. I'm fine. I just got..trapped in here, that's all," he smiles, pulling back. "I'm good. I promise. How the hell did you..you managed to figure out the ziplines." George giggles, punching him in the shoulder.

"Of course I did. Um, Patches helped," Dream grins down at his cat, holding open his arms. She leaps into them, bumping his chin with her head. "She..she kept me alive. Seriously. I don't know how the fuck she does it, Dream, but she's..she's like a guardian angel, I swear. I wouldn't have lived if she hadn't come with me." Dream raises an eyebrow.

"She bullied you into letting her come?" George nods. "Sounds like her," he wheezes. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get stuck here. I'm..I didn't want you to come after me."

"What?" George frowns. "You've tried to get me to come here with you like, ever since we met."

Dream ducks his head, cradling Patches like the big baby she is. "Well, that was..when I had a choice. It's dangerous here, George. I didn't want you to get hurt. And I..I didn't know where you were, or if you could even use the zipline, or if there was an extra harness, or.." he trails off, swallowing. "Okay. Um," Dream closes his eyes. "I need to tell you something. Please don't hurt me."

"What-" George glares at him. "Dream, I'm not going to fucking hurt you."

"Okay," he grins. "Well, that's nice. Um, anyways. Back when this all started, like, the whole apocalypse, I got bit," George's eyes widen, and Dream holds up his hands. "Don't look at me like that, please. I promise I'm okay. I turned," Dream admits. "Um, yeah. But I'm okay. I turned back into a human right after. I don't know how or why or..or why me. I don't know how I fought it off, but no one else did. I got bit right here," he holds up his arm, pointing to his wrist. It scarred over pretty badly. "I've never turned since. I've been perfectly fine, George. But there's a reason I told you that," he closes his eyes. "The zombies here are..they're *dangerous*, George."

"Dream," George crosses his arm, lip curled up. "Zombies in *general* are fucking dangerous. Why the fuck didn't you tell me? Why didn't you-"

"George!" Dream shouts, annoyance settling in his stomach. He pushes it down - he's happy. He's so happy, he loves George, but he *won't fucking listen*. "Listen to me, George, fuck. They're *different*. They can jump, they can run, they can projectile vomit on you. Some of them are huge and can body slam down doors. Some of them are as smart as humans. This place

is *dangerous*, George. But it isn't for me," Dream breathes out. "The zombies in the city won't hurt me. They think I'm one of them. They think that I'm just part of their hoard. The zombies who don't come from here don't think I'm one of them. But the city zombies, they know me. Ever since I turned that time, they..they think I'm a zombie, too, George. And I'm not!" He clarifies, heart beating too fast. "Here," he reaches out, taking George's hand. He puts it on his other wrist. "My pulse. You can feel it. You can feel my pulse, right?"

George pauses, but he nods. "Yeah. You have a pulse," he breathes in. "How..why did you want me to come with you, then?"

"Because they probably wouldn't hurt you, either. So long as I'm with you. They think I'm like, their leader. They like to follow me around sometimes," Dream smiles. "They wouldn't touch you if you were with me. The city isn't dangerous, so long as I'm with you. But you were on your own, and.." he shakes his head. "You never knew. You never knew how much danger you were in. George, some of these zombies can climb. Some of them can jump over this building entirely. But I'm different," he shakes his head. "I'm different. They treat me differently. I'm sorry," Dream breathes out. "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to lie, or hide information, or like, that shit. I was just worried."

"You need to talk to me more," George crosses his arms. "I'm..you need to tell me this shit, Dream. You can't just not say shit about your life and then tell me after I already fucking.." he closes his eyes, scuffing his foot against the ground. "I forgive you. I get it, I understand why you did it. I'm not happy about it. I'm not happy with you. But we can just.." George sighs. "I want to talk about it later. I'm tired, and I..I just want to go home," he blinks, looking back up at Dream. "I think you do, too. How's your leg?"

"Healing," Dream smiles. "It'll fix itself. I'm impervious to damage, don't worry. I don't feel pain." George frowns.

"Was that like, you being stupid, or are you telling the truth?"

Dream wheezes, grinning way too hard. "Both. I heal faster than I used to, but it's also be being dumb, yeah. It won't go away on its own, but it'll hurt less eventually. I can get used to it," he promises. "It's a bit of a walk, I guess."

"Dream?"

"Yeah?"

"Were you lying?" He asks. "When you said that you didn't touch the ground here very often? Why wouldn't you? You literally can't be killed by them." Dream ducks his head, sighing.

"Um," he sighs again. "Well. I don't like them. I don't like being on the ground. I prefer being up here, just in case something happened. Just in case they stopped thinking I was part of the hoard, you know? If that happened, I..I'd die. I like it up here. I'm safer here."

George nods, seemingly satisfied with that answer. "Alright. Do you wanna carry Patches?" Dream wheezes, letting her jump out of his arms.

"She's a free spirit," he beams. "She goes where she wants," he snickers. "It took me like, thirty minutes to get her to go in that bag. She doesn't like being in my backpack, but she will if I'm being serious," George sighs. "What?"

"She's not a cat, Dream."

"Probably not," Dream agrees. "I think she's like, just a person reincarnated. But who knows, right? She's probably just a really smart cat."

"No cat is *that* smart. She literally led me right to you, directed me to the quieter side of the city where you left a *ladder*. Found me a harness.." George shakes his head. "She's not a cat. She's like, an angel, or something." Dream laughs, watching as Patches meows up at George, looking content with that idea.

"Yeah," he smiles. "Probably. We should get going, right?"

"Right," he agrees. "I love you, you know that, right? I'm kind of angry with you, but I still love you."

Dream beams at him, heart fluttering. "I love you too. Thanks for not punching me in the face." George snorts.

"No problem. It was hard," Dream wheezes, rushing forwards to kiss George before he can start to move. "Whoa!" George laughs, but he doesn't stop him, leaning into the kiss easily. "You're lucky you're cute, you fucker."

"Thank you," he grins. "Let's go home." George smiles, and it makes Dream's heart leap into his throat.

"Yeah. Let's."

you made me love the rain

Chapter Notes

and we're back to george pov baby! i hope you enjoy this bad boy :D

"You know," George says to no one in particular, watching the rain tumble down the stupid window they have. It's too small to properly do anything with, but he can still see out of it. Obviously, it's a fucking window. "I like the rain," he smiles, watching a couple zombies shuffle around, skin shining from the rain. "It's nice. Kind of calming, too. I don't know. Maybe that's just me being dramatic. But it's-" he watches as one of the zombies is cleaved in half, axe ripping it apart. George sighs, but he's not all that disappointed that his thoughts were interrupted. He's actually fairly happy about it. He watches Dream make quick work of the trio of zombies, easily killing them without breaking a sweat. His hair is plastered to his face, his hoodie clearly soaked. George watches him saunter over in the direction of the bunker door, walking fairly normally. He's gotten a lot better with his leg in the past couple of days, which is good. George's glad. He never minded taking care of Dream, but he knew that his boyfriend was in pain. Even if it wasn't as bad as it should've been, he was still in pain, and George wasn't very pleased about it.

"Oh, honey!" Dream booms, voice echoing into the kitchen. "I'm *home*!" He holds out the 'o' until he probably stops breathing. George sighs. Of course his boyfriend is just a huge, dopey dumbass. He wouldn't have it any other way. "George?" Dream asks, his voice softer than it had been.

"In here," George turns, smiling at Dream. "How's your leg?"

"It's fine," he waves a hand, moving to wrap his arms around George's waist. "Hi. How're you?"

George smiles, leaning back into the hug. "I'm fine. We're going to talk now."

"Yeah," Dream sighs. "I was hoping you'd, like, forget."

"How could I forget?" He glares, turning around. "Go. Sit down. We're talking," Dream sighs again, this time longer and dramatic. It doesn't surprise him, Dream's the most dramatic person George knows. But, he *does* sit down, Patches appearing from..somewhere to jump up on his lap, circling a few times before she lays down. "Okay," George slides in his own seat, leaning forwards. "Start talking."

"This is like, an interrogation," Dream breathes out, closing his eyes. "Okay. It was the beginning of the apocalypse, I was trying to get to a roof or something. I had..Sapnap had just turned, and I..you know," Patches meows at the name. "Yeah, you remember him. Or you are him," he wheezes, ruffling the cat's ears. "Um. I got stuck in a crowd. Not everyone suddenly died in the night. A lot of them did, but there were still a few people alive. They turned pretty quickly after, though. I thought I'd be safe in a crowd because if..if I *had* to, I could push someone back. I wasn't even thinking like that then, but I guess that's might have been my mindset that I didn't want to admit to. I got back to my apartment, and then I was on the ground. It was like, two seconds, but I had already been bitten," Dream sighs. "I kicked it off of me, ran up to the roof. I had Patches with me, and she didn't..I don't know. She didn't seem that concerned."

George frowns. "You got assaulted and your cat didn't give a shit?"

"Yeah," Dream wheezes. "I know, right? Rude. But anyways. I felt myself turn. Like, it's fast. It happens fast. It was awful. My mind kinda got foggy, you know? Sort of like when you're really sick and you barely can think. It was just pure survival instinct, kinda like..I just knew I didn't want to die. There was a lot of blood, too. Just mine. The thing almost took off my entire hand, seriously," George watches as Dream rubs his wrist, right where the bite is. He wonders if he knows that he's doing it. "I don't remember a lot of my time as a zombie," he admits. "It was blurry. I know it hurt. I was in a lot of pain, I felt *hungry*," Dream sighs. "I felt sick. I think I vomited when I came back, but it's kind of a haze. I know I was really tired, angry, hungry, in pain. I was pissed. I don't know what else. And I knew I didn't want it to happen, and after a couple minutes, I..I was back to normal. Maybe it was more than a couple minutes," he frowns. "I don't know for sure. I didn't have my phone on me. I think it was only like, five minutes. But it could've been hours, I'm not sure." George nods, taking in that information.

"No one else turned back like you."

"Yeah," Dream agrees. "I know. I don't know why I turned back. I don't know why I came back. I don't know. I..," he shakes his head. "If I knew why I came back, I'd tell you. But I've got no clue, I'm sorry. Everyone that got bit, that I saw, always turned within the minute. They can multiply *really* fast. But none of them ever came back from it, even though I watched them fight it. I watched this guy, he.." he breathes out. "He fought it for ten minutes. He was clearly shifting, he was turning, he was just..he was screaming and in agony, but he wouldn't..he just *would not turn*. Everything was happening to him, too. His skin was peeling off, hair falling out. Bones cracking, blood everywhere, jaw unhinging, shit like that. It was bad. It was..it was awful."

"I'm so sorry," George frowns. He really is. He..there's clearly a lot Dream hasn't told him. Thank god they can communicate like actual adults. "Okay. Tell me about the zombies."

Dream nods. "Okay. Well, they're not a hive mind, I guess. A lot of them follow me around, think of me like their leader. Some of the other ones are dumb, but not a lot of them. For the most part, they're smart. Some of them can kind of understand what I say. They can run, jump, projectile vomit, climb, stuff like that. I met one that could almost mimic me," Dream sighs. "That was terrifying. It almost sounded like me, seriously. It managed to form words and shit. Sadly, they really hated Patches. I couldn't really bring her with me if I had to touch the ground, which sucked. She kept me away from a lot of non-city zombies," he pauses. "Oh! Yeah. I forgot. If a zombie from outside the city came into it, the city zombies would either kill it and eat it, or make it part of the hoard. And that zombie from outside the city would start to act like the ones in the city. They're smart, George. They have this way of communicating, kind of like..telepathy? Not really. But I mean, they have this way of talking to each other. Certain groans and shit means something, stuff like that." George leans back in his seat, closing his eyes. What the *fuck*.

"Okay. So they're like humans."

"Kind of," Dream shrugs. "Not really. But they're still sorta human. They retain a little bit of intelligence," he smiles. "They have little cliques, I think. I've seen a few of them multiple times with the same zombies, so I'm guessing there's like, zombie gang wars, or whatever. Some of them still have some control of their face," Dream adds. "I saw one smile at me once. It was..weird. But that doesn't top the time one of them *winked* at me, like holy *shit*. I almost pissed myself, I was terrified. I didn't think they could do that."

"What the fuck," George suggests. "Do you..do you think they're aware? Like how you were?"

Dream gives him a one-shouldered shrug. "I..maybe. I kind of understand why they're so pissed off, you know? When I got bit, it hurt. It hurt so bad, I felt..it was like the worst thing that could ever

happen to someone," he blinks. "And, um, there was that fog. Everything was hard for me to do, moving hurt. Thinking was really, really hard. Like, actually forming thoughts. Just simple, one worded thoughts. Like, hurt, hungry, run, upset. I was also really fucking angry," Dream wheezes. "Like, *pissed*. It was so irrational, it.." he shakes his head. "I have no clue why I was so upset. It was the angriest I've ever been in my entire life. I think that's what makes them attack. I can sort of understand. That's why I..that's the only reason I'm good at killing them," he laughs. "I got into the mindset, I know how bad it is."

"I'm sorry," George shakes his head. "I'm sorry you had to go through that." Dream grins at him, one of those smiles that manage to rival the sun.

"It's fine. I'm appreciative of it. It kept me alive. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I just.." he sighs. "I didn't want you to freak out, I guess. Not let me in the bunker. As much as I don't mind the city, I was going crazy, George. And seeing you.." Dream smiles. "It kind of gave me hope again, you know? There was another person out there, and he was a stupid idiot with a charming personality and a nice face and good bone structure."

"Good *what*?"

"Good bone structure," Dream wheezes. "What I'm trying to say here is that you're hot, George. And funny, and just..you're a good person. I didn't want you to turn me away because of what happened at the beginning of all this. Which was stupid," he rolls his eyes. "Communication is important. It causes so many fucking issues later down the road if you don't talk to your partner. Even when we weren't dating, we were still friends. I should have told you. That's on me. I'm sorry. I was afraid, but that doesn't really excuse it. I hope that explains it, though." George smiles at him, reaching his hand across the table. Dream takes it, squeezing.

"It's okay. I love you, you know. I understand why you'd..why you'd think like that. I would've done the exact same thing. But I don't know if I would've told you until it was like, life or death. I'm bad at communicating." Dream grins, running his thumb over George's fingers.

"I get it," he smiles, one of those soft ones. One of those soft smiles that make George's heart race. "I probably would've have said anything either. But Patches was judging me. She's kinda like a really bad wingman," George watches as she flicks an ear, a meow of displeasure echoing the room. "Well? You are." She meows at him again, tail lashing back and forth.

"Oh my god," George giggles. "She's not a cat, Dream. I've said this, like, *so* many times now, but oh my god. She's not. There's no way, right? No cat is that smart. Not a single cat is that smart. You said you thought she might be your roommate, right?" He tilts his head a little, grinning. "Ohh, Sapnap!" He beams, watching as Patches sits up. "Dream. It's gotta be."

Dream rolls his eyes, crosses his arms. "George, I was kidding about that. Reincarnation isn't real."

"Zombies aren't supposed to be real."

A pause.

"Touché, George. Touché. Okay," he sighs. "If you're Patches, stay right where you are. If you're Sapnap, up on the table. And if you *are* Sapnap, don't fuck with me and pretend to be Patches, alright? You little shit." Patches blinks, chuffs, and leaps..onto the table.

"Dream."

"I'm watching," he breathes out. "Okay. Alright. So you haven't even tried to tell me this before?"

Patches - Sapnap? - lashes her tail, meowing. "Don't backtalk. What the fuck, dude. I'm being serious. If this is just some fucked up joke, Patches, I'm gonna kick you out." Patches sits down, tilting her head to the side. She meows, a lot deeper than George's ever heard.

"Dream. That's either your roommate or your cat's gotten possessed. One of the two."

"Well, reincarnation is possession. At least," he glares, "in this case it is. What the fuck. You couldn't have come back as like, a dog? Something that wasn't my cat? I *loved* her, you know."

Sapnap, George is fairly certain it's Sapnap, snorts. *Snorts*. How the fuck can a cat *snort*? "So you are Sapnap." The cat turns to face George, whiskers twitching. The cat opens his mouth, forming a sort of...grin. Almost.

"Holy.." Dream wheezes, reaching out to ruffle Sapnap's head. "When I got bit, then. That's when it happened. That's when Patches started to..that's when she wasn't herself. That was you," Sapnap turns back, meowing. It sounds way too similar to a 'yes'. "You could have told me." Another meow.

"Maybe he's just shy," George suggests, giggling. "He's a cat now, Dream. He's just a little baby," Sapnap turns back to face him, stalks right up to George's nose, and hisses. "See? A little baby," another hiss, *and* a swipe at his shoulder. "Ow! What the *fuck*, Sapnap? That's violence. You might be a cat, but that doesn't mean I'm not gonna sue."

Dream wheezes so hard George's afraid he might fucking die. He stands up, positioning himself next to his boyfriend. "Well, that..this isn't really how I thought my day would go. I'm not upset, but I..how? Can you talk, dude? Or are you really just..a cat?" Sapnap stalks over to Dream, leaping onto his shoulder, meowing deeply, right into Dream's ear. "Oh, you suck. Seriously. You just have to meow to talk to me. That's..not real," Dream glares at him. "If the zombie apocalypse is real, you can talk. If I can turn back into a human, you can talk. And you're just being a bitch and holding out on me." Sapnap blinks at him, obviously unimpressed.

"Dream, I think he's just.." George grins, not able to force his laughs back anymore. "I think he's telling the truth on this one," he frowns for a second, remembering..*fuck*. "Dream."

"Yeah?"

"I ranted to him about how I thought I liked you. He..oh my god," George closes his eyes, feeling his face flush. "Goddammit."

"Oh my god," Dream grins, eyes twinkling. "He's a third-wheel! He is *such* a third-wheel!" He wheezes, laughing harder than George's ever heard. "George! Oh my god, it's..it's PDA time! That's why he was so pissed, that's why I thought Patches.." he grins, shaking his head. "Seriously, okay. Okay, seriously. Sapnap. How the hell?" Sapnap snorts, flicking his tail. "Yeah. I guess you don't know, huh? Did you just..wake up as Patches?" Sapnap shakes his head, placing a paw on Dream's wrist. The one with the bite. "It was when I turned," Sapnap meows, almost..nodding. "And you chose not to tell me because..?"

Sapnap chuffs, rolling his eyes. George had no fucking clue that cats could roll their eyes. He had no fucking clue reincarnation was real. "Maybe he, like, alternated," George shrugs. "Between Sapnap and Patches," Sapnap meows, way too loudly, bouncing on his fucking paws. "That'd be right, then. Look at me," George grins. "I'm a fucking genius." Dream sighs.

"I'm sure you are," he pauses, wiggling his fingers on the table. Sapnap just stares at him. "How often does it happen?" Sapnap flicks an ear, then flicks the other one. And then goes back to the

first ear. "Every so often. Huh. Let's set up a..a thing," Dream beams. "One meow for yes, two for no. You turned into Patches when I was bit," two meows. "After?" One meow. "Okay. Sometimes Patches comes back," another singular meow. "Does that effect like, how smart she is?" Two meows. "So it's not just you doing all the dirty work. Okay. Um, well..do you want me to like, call you Sapnap?" A very, very loud meow. Just one. "Okay! Okay, oh my god. You could've told me months ago, you know that, right? This is entirely your fault. Fuck you." Two meows.

"You know," George laughs, reaching out to pet Sapnap. "I think I like your roommate. I might cheat on you with the cat," Sapnap purrs, arching his back to the touch. "He's handsomer."

"Handsomer?" Dream wheezes. "That's not a word."

"Five pounds bet it is," George counters. "Do you like to be pet? Or is that weird?" Sapnap meows, bumping George's hand with his head. "Figured. Well..um," he blinks. "This is nice information to know. So Dream smuggled you in a backpack. You..thanks," he smiles. "Seriously. For um..for helping me in the city. I really needed it. Thank you, Sapnap." The stupid bastard smiles at him, as much as a cat can.

"Don't say things like that," Dream warns him. "It'll go straight to his ego. And he's already a prideful person, but he's in the form of a cat. A small animal. Disguised as my favourite pet. He *knows* I can't bring myself to kill Patches. But I'd murder him. I'd do it again." George laughs, giving his stupid boyfriend a shove.

"You wouldn't," he smiles. "I'm glad that he's here. Even though it's kind of fucked. This is really weird, actually," he sighs. "But so's the entire, like, apocalypse. And you secretly being a not-human, not-zombie hybrid. So I guess this isn't that far off from the normal," George leans on Dream's shoulder, closing his eyes. "It's nice."

"It is," Dream agrees. "Come here, Sapnap. Group hug," Sapnap immediately dives into Dream's lap, scaling his shoulder, bumping noses with George. He settles down, halfway on Dream's head. Dream reaches up, petting the bastard. "I think this is nice. We're a big happy family now, right? White picket fence and everything. We just need to adopt two kids, and boom! Maybe get a family dog. You like dogs, right?" Sapnap meows. "I wasn't asking *you*, dumbass. I was asking my *boyfriend*. I plan on making out with him literally every chance I get now. Just to gross you out," Sapnap whines, a long meow that's way too high-pitched. "Yeah. I'm gonna do that. Maybe we'll even *hold hands*."

George holds back a grin, shifting away from Dream in mock disgust. "What the *fuck*?" He gasps. "No! That's too far. Disgusting. I don't think I'll ever be ready for that. Not until after marriage."

"But kissing is fine."

"Well, obviously," he scoffs. "But...premarital hand holding?" He gags. "I can't believe you." Dream laughs, outstretching a hand. George takes it, feels himself being pulled in. He's mildly pissed that Dream doesn't even really have to stretch up to kiss him, but whatever.

"Alright, Georgie. I love you."

"I love you too," he smiles. "And you're okay." He flicks the top of Sapnap's head, earning him another swipe.

George smiles, watching Dream stand. He feels Dream's arms wrapping around him, pulling him in for a hug. Sapnap leaps off of the chair, rubbing himself up against their legs. George can't help but feel fully at home. No matter what happens, he thinks, this'll be home. Nothing can take this from

him. He's not alone, not anymore. He's got himself an amazing, albeit dumb, boyfriend, *and* a half-human half-cat hybrid.

George doesn't plan on giving any of that up anytime soon.

seems like you could use a little company from me

Chapter Summary

fair warning: i'm really sorry
but hey, at least mcd tag has been thrown out, right?

George stares at the grave, rain pouring harder than it has in months. He feels his knees collapse, buckling under him. He hits the ground right in front of it, staring at the carved name in the wood.

Sapnap - Patches
Love you, dummie.

He blinks, tears trailing down his face. The stupid bonsai tree Dream brought home months ago is propped up next to the wooden plank, barely withered. He digs his fingers into the grass, gripping it ground. He feels mud under his fingernails, which he hates. But he hates that Sapnap isn't with them anymore. That he's gone. It had been fucking *awful*. George had finally agreed to go to the city, and of course Sapnap decided to come. Of course he did. It wouldn't make sense if they didn't take him with them. George had gotten himself fucking..cornered like an idiot, detached from Dream. Sapnap had lured them away, but he..George swallows, tears falling faster now. Or is that just the rain? He doesn't know. Sapnap got bit. He was bleeding out in George's arms, and there was so much blood and crying, and then Dream was there and there was more crying, and-

Sapnap had told them that he loved them. His last, and *only*, fucking words were that he loved them. That he'd miss them. George hadn't heard a cat talk then - he had heard his best friend. It didn't even fucking matter that Sapnap was a goddamn cat, he was..he was a *person*. Someone who led him away from danger, who comforted him when Dream got lost in the city for a day. He was one of the best people George's ever met, and it..it should've been him. It shouldn't have been Sapnap. Sapnap was always so careful, so..he had to have done it on purpose. He never would have let himself get bit unless he tried to, unless he wanted to. George feels a sob rip from his throat, squeezes his eyes shut. He shouldn't be out here, not alone. Not when he's being this stupid, not when..

"George," Dream. Dream's voice is soft, lulling him out of his thoughts. Lulling him out of his destructive mindset. "Come inside, George," he sounds tired. He's sounded tired ever since Sapnap died. "Please? You've been out here for too long."

"I miss him," George numbly tells him. He barely hears the words. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Dream sinks to his knees next to him. George feels a lot warmer a second later, being pressed against Dream's chest. "I..please, George. Please come inside. He would understand. He'd tell you to go inside. Please." George swallows, pressing his head into Dream's shoulder, crying even harder.

"I know. I know, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," it doesn't come out in a sob, which he's thankful for. He grabs at Dream's stupid hoodie, clutching it, and the person wearing it, closer to him. "I wish it had been me."

He hears Dream snuffle, feels himself being held tighter. "Don't. Please don't say that. He knew

what he was doing, George. He knew. He knew exactly what he was doing. He wouldn't have done that unless there wasn't another option. You dying wasn't an option for him," Dream murmurs. "Sapnap would've never let you die. He would've been the exact same. He..he understands, George. Sapnap would understand. He always did." George cries, not even caring about how ugly it feels, how awful it makes him sound. His voice is raspy and hoarse, it hurts to breathe, and George just wants his best friend back. He thought Dream was his best friend, and he *is*, but Sapnap and him..they just *clicked*. Even if George was the one doing the actual talking, it didn't matter. They argued all the time, had arguments about *everything*. They talked like old friends, ganged up on Dream to tease him and occasionally go out exploring together. Never very far, and they'd always come home before dark.

"Yeah," George agrees, his voice breaking. "Yeah. I know. He was..he was too good. I loved him, Dream. Not in the same way I love you, but he was..he was.."

"I know," Dream tells him, and George knows that he does. "I know. I'm sorry, George. I'm so sorry. He loved you, too. He said it all the time. Even if it was just a lot of meowing and cat language, I know he said it. He'd say it back when you'd say it to him. He'd say it back when I said it to him. He knew, George. He would've..he wouldn't have wanted you to die. Sapnap would've never recovered, he would've blamed himself for the rest of his life. And I.." Dream breathes out. "I'm glad it wasn't you. I already killed and buried him once, George. I don't know if I could've handled having to bury a new body." George blinks, feeling..he doesn't know how to feel. How would Dream have felt? If he had to bury *him*. If it had been him instead of Sapnap.

As much as George loved - loves - Sapnap, he doesn't..he's not sure he could bury Dream. Maybe it's easier to bury a friend rather than a lover. Maybe it's easier to know that he isn't going to come back. Maybe it's easier to think that he's somewhere much better now. Somewhere that's nothing like this. "Yeah," he mumbles, closing his eyes. "Yeah. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Dream murmurs back. "Don't be. It's okay. He would've done it over and over again. He doesn't go back on things. Even if he had a different choice, he wouldn't..he's a hero. He's always gone on crusades, especially when he was younger. He'd always grab me and take me to go beat up some bully," he laughs. "He was always like that. He'd make me go with him everywhere, and then *boom*. Suddenly I'm in a fist fight against three other guys and Sapnap is screaming "you can do it Dream!" at the top of his lungs," he grins. "Sapnap was special. He was always different from everyone else."

"He was," George smiles, fondly thinking of a younger Sapnap. "What..what did he look like?"

"A brown cat," George laughs, punching Dream in the arm. "Okay, okay! He had this shaggy black hair. A little darker skin. He always wore this white bandana thing. It was just ribbons, basically. And he'd wear two shirts. One black one under this white shirt with this, like, stupid looking 8-bit fire thing on it. He was exactly one inch taller than you. If he could talk, he would've *never* let you live it down."

George smiles, ignoring the groaning sound behind him. Wait. The groaning sound. "Fuck!" He shouts, shoving Dream away from him, whirling around on the zombie. It reaches out for him, arm gnarled and half-rotted. Fuck. "Dream, I don't, I don't-" he doesn't have anything on him. Not even a fucking pocket knife. George stumbles back, barely avoiding the wide sweep of the zombie's arm, the way its eyes track his own. He watches as grin splits the creature's face, jaw hanging lopsided off of it, and *fuck it's-*

"Stop," Dream's voice is low, soft to his ears. "He's mine," the zombie stops, taking a step back. George's heart warms at the word, *mine*. He watches as the zombie stares at him, its grin dropping.

"George, come here," he does, racing over to his boyfriend. Dream wraps an arm around his shoulders. "Hi," Dream smiles at the zombie. "I'm not in the mood right now, I'm sorry. Can you go back to the city?" The zombie groans, then *whines*. "I know. I get it. But you have friends there," he takes a step forwards. "How'd you even get all the way out here, anyways?" Dream laughs. "Were you looking for me?" The creature nods, slowly and heavily. "Why? You know I come to the city most days. I'll be there tomorrow. Go on, now. Go back home." The zombie sighs, snapping his jaw shut. It shuffles past the two of them, stumbling off in the distance, disappearing in the rain.

"Oh my god," George breathes out. "It..it listened to you."

"Yeah," Dream smiles. "He's..I've met him before," he sighs. "I recognise the face. He travels a lot. I don't know anything about him other than he kind of follows me around sometimes," he admits. "He's one of the smarter ones. He fully understands what I'm saying. He's..I don't think he has a super foggy mind. He's really smart."

"Does he have a name?"

Dream grins, shrugging. "I mean, I've started to call him Techno. But that's just because I found a nametag on him that said it. I'm assuming that's his name, probably. He still has a lot of human features. He can smile, I've heard him laugh once. He's almost like a human. It's gonna suck when I have to kill him."

"What? Why?"

"The smart ones," he starts, "they might not have fog right now, but they will. It hits them hard and fast and boom! Suddenly they're just as brain-dead as non-city zombies and they don't listen to me anymore," Dream sighs. "He's not bad. He really isn't. I've known him for..three months now? Which is the longest I've seen a zombie retain its intelligence. I kind of hope he doesn't get foggy," he admits. "He's a helpful guide." George laughs, raising an eyebrow.

"Do you guys talk a lot? Have you finally found yourself a friend?" He winces as soon as he says it, sparing a glance over at Sapnap. At his grave. "I'm sorry. I didn't.."

"It's okay," Dream assures him. "I understand," George lets him guide him back inside the bunker, punching in the code. Dream got rid of all the cat food, the litter box, the toys. He put them in the empty room. The one for the third person that never existed. "And I guess, yeah," he wheezes. "He showed me around at first. He liked Sapnap," he smiles. "He'd always pet him. Sapnap wasn't all that into it, I'm pretty sure."

George giggles, imagining it in his head. "I wouldn't like it, either. So he..he knows me?"

"Yeah," Dream confirms. "He'll recognise you. He won't touch you, don't worry. He knows that you're mine." That word again. It sends chills down his spine, makes his head spin.

"Yeah.." he murmurs. "I..Dream? Can we just..go to bed?" Dream smiles at him, that stupid, soft one that makes his heart melt.

"Of course, George," his boyfriend smiles dopily at him, which just makes George grin. "Here," he watches as Dream *scoops* him into his arms, holding him close to his chest. "Hi."

"Oh my god. You're so dramatic," George laughs, but he doesn't try to fight it. Why would he? "I love you."

"I love you too," Dream tells him, and he knows it's true. He's never doubted it. He feels the bed

under him, feels it dip a second later. "Goodnight, George." Dream murmurs.

"Goodnight, Dream." He mumbles, rolling over. He feels Dream's arms around him, lets himself close his eyes and feel safe for a few seconds. The emptiness at his feet is hollow and aching, and he..he wishes there was a cat there. One sitting on his feet, laying in between him and Dream. He wishes Sappnap was here. George grabs at Dream's clothes a little harder, burying his face in his neck. It'll be hard, he thinks. He *knows* it'll be hard. But at least he has Dream.

George feels himself start to wake up, keeping his eyes closed. God. He still feels so tired, he doesn't even know *why*. It's not like he does anything important, anyways. Dream's the one who goes to the city, and it's not like he..George doesn't really want to go to the city. Not again. Not after..yeah. Not after that. Not after Sappnap. "Techno, listen. I told you to go away. And I'm pissed at you," he stirs at the sound of Dream's voice. And the mention of Techno. "You *watched* me put in the code, really? You could have just knocked. I understand knocking, Techno. Go away. He's asleep," George frowns, forcing himself to open his eyes. What the fuck? "Yes. *Yes*, I get it. What? What? *No!* What the *fuck*, Techno. Go away. I will literally talk to you later. No, you cannot come inside. *No, you cannot come inside*. Techno. I will shoot you. Techno. Don't. Do not. Back up. I swear to god, I like you, but I'll kill you. You're a rotting corpse at my fucking doorstep, Techno, no, you cannot come in."

"What the fuck?" George murmurs, kicking off his blankets. He shoves his goggles on the top of his head, tossing on a shirt. He doesn't remember taking his off, but Dream probably did that for him. It always gets too hot in that room. He shuffles out into the hallway, spotting Dream and..yeah, there he is. "Dream."

"Oh, good," Dream throws up his hands. "You woke him up. And he was so peaceful, too. Good on you," Techno snarls in response, almost sounding like a human. "Don't give me that shit, you prick. You're not coming in." George walks forwards, pushing his way to stand by Dream, staring right at Techno. The more he looks at him, the more he can..George can sort of tell that he's still human. In his own little ways. His jaw might be hanging on by a thread, his eyes are a little more sunken, but otherwise..he looks good. For a zombie. His hair is still there, a weird, pinkish colour. His eyes are red, which George hasn't seen before. His arms are a little gnarled and rotten, but what zombie doesn't have rotten arms? His teeth are also all there. He has an underbite, George notes.

"Dream," George sighs. "Why is he back at our bunker?"

"Ignore that," Dream tells him, eyes narrowed, arms crossed. "Techno, seriously. I'm not letting you in my fucking house. In *our* house," he motions furiously over to George. "You can't just..this is *not* your place, Techno. You live in the city. You aren't part of the family dynamics here," Techno, slowly but surely, raises his arms to mimic Dream. He leans forwards, eyes narrowed. A half-snarl half-scoff comes out of his mouth, and Dream doesn't..he doesn't even look phased. "No."

George blinks. "You can understand him?"

"Yeah," Dream sighs. "Sort of. He's annoyed that I'm not letting him in," he turns his gaze back to Techno. "It's just not happening, man. I promise I'll visit, okay? You just need to knock it off. Yes, I know. Yes, I understand it's boring. Yes. I get it," he sighs again. "You *have* friends! You've got the..there's that musician. He still carries around his guitar, right? William? Wilbur? Willister? Whatever the hell his name is. There's that one. And then the kid, the annoying, loud one. And the older one, the one who keeps you in line. Go back to them, Techno. I swear to god, I *will* kill you." Techno stares at him, tilting his head ever so slightly.

"What the fuck," George mumbles, closing his eyes. Why? Why has this become his life? He just wanted to sleep and forget what happened. But no, of fucking course that wouldn't be happening. "Techno," Techno blinks at him, shifting his weight on his other leg. What the hell. "I want to go back to bed. I'm not going back to bed until you're in the city and Dream, my *boyfriend*, is sleeping next to me. I can't understand anything you say or snarl to me, so I don't give a shit. I'll treat you like any other zombie and shoot you in the face and then light your body on fire to get rid of it. So. Fuck off."

Dream wheezes, which George punches him for. He was being serious, and his stupid fucking boyfriend just..whatever. *Whatever*. "He's being serious, Techno. Trust me on this one. Listen, I'll *visit*, oh my god. I always visit you if I know where you are. You need to chill. This is bullshit." George watches as Techno stares at his boyfriend, eyes still narrowed. After a couple seconds of that, since Dream's staring back, the zombie sighs, closing his eyes in defeat. A couple of chuffs, snorts, growls, and snarls later, Techno turns and saunters off, almost walking like a human.

"Holy shit," George breathes out. "What the fuck."

"Yeah," Dream agrees. "He's normally not like, that clingy. But I guess the older zombie he was parading around with lost his intelligence. His mind went foggy," he frowns. "It's..it's sad. Techno's basically a person, George. He just can't talk in a way you can understand. He's also..I don't want him to go foggy," he admits. "It's stupid, but he's..he helped me around. I didn't really know a lot about him, but we talked from time to time. He's just, lonely, I guess. I think that older zombie was like a father figure to him, so it was.." Dream closes his eyes, punching in the code to close the bunker door. "I'm sorry. I know it doesn't make sense and I probably look like a dumbass for caring about a zombie, but I-" George presses himself up on his toes, kissing his boyfriend.

"Shut up," he murmurs. "Be quiet. You can understand them. Him, at least. You can talk to him. You're special, Dream," George smiles against his lips, closes his eyes. "It's okay. I'm not going to judge you. Promise." Dream smiles back, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"Thank you. He said he liked your goggles," George laughs, tilting his head back. "He's nice. He kept a lot of the other zombies off of my back when I first started to..to touch the ground. I'm not looking forwards to the day he goes foggy. It sucks. It's really hard to describe, but.." he shakes his head. "It's sort of like..vaguely knowing who you are. You don't know any names, where you are, who you are, anything like that. You think that you *should* know those things, but you don't. And sometimes memories pass entirely, you pass out for a day or you just don't remember weeks at a time. Months blur together, you eventually go insane. That's how it words. Going foggy is awful. It's..it's what happened to all the other zombies, the ones outside of the city. But they didn't have like, a grace period, you know? They just woke up like that. But the city zombies have an idea of who they are, their names, their friends, things like that. So just..losing that, it's..it's awful. Even though it only happened to me for a few minutes, it was still terrifying."

George kisses him again, figuring that's the best thing to do. "I'm sorry," he mumbles. "I'm really sorry. Will..will that happen to you?" Dream shakes his head, turning to look at the door.

"I doubt it," he sighs. "Um. If I do," he turns back to look at George. George notices the tears pricking his eyes. "You know what to do, right? If I went foggy, you'd do it, right?"

"I..I." George feels tears prick at his own eyes. "I don't know if I could do it."

Dream nods. "I know," he says it with a smile, opening his arms. George gladly accepts the hug, resting his head on Dream's shoulder. "I know. I love you."

"I love you too, Dream."

They stay like that for a while. And the entire time, George can't help but think of Sapnap and Dream and how he'd ever manage to go back to living alone again.

i'll be one of those people you remember

"Who are you?"

"What?" George frowns, taking a step back. "What do you mean? Dream. It's me, George. Your boyfriend. Your friend. Your..we've lived together for almost a year now!"

Dream blinks at him, tilting his head ever so slightly. George sees the fog in his eyes, the dead, glazed over look. No. No, no, no..that's not..it's..no. "I don't remember you," Dream murmurs. "I don't remember me," he looks down at his hands. George does the same, immediately wincing when he does. His skin is..it's sloughing off. "My name is Dream?" He asks, frowning. "I'm sorry. I don't remember anything," Dream tells him, jaw cracking. No. Fuck, fuck, fuck, no! George backs up, his back hitting the door behind him. No. He can't..this can't..it's not real. It can't be, there's no way. There's no way, not this fast. Not that quickly. "George? You said that was your name?" He nods, weakly. "Why are you trying to run?" Dream frowns, genuine sorrow seeping into his voice. "I'm sorry I don't remember. I promise I'll try, right? I can do that. Please don't leave me. I don't want to be alone. I'm afraid of being alone."

George swallows, taking a step forwards. "Dream," he murmurs. "You're going to hurt me if I..if I don't.."

"No!" Dream protests, eyes huge. "No, I swear, I wouldn't. I promise, I swear, I'm not a dangerous person, George, I.." he stumbles back, leg catching on a stool. Flesh rips off. "I'm not dangerous. Please don't go."

"I can't do it," George whispers, feeling the gun on his hip. He can't. He can't even go to pull it out, can't even touch it. He can't do it. He can't. "I love you."

"I don't remember loving you," Dream admits. "But, but I love you too," he smiles, his face cracking on one side. "Please don't leave me. I love you, right? You..please? I'm sorry. I don't.." he shakes his head, sniffing. "I'll remember, okay? Please just don't go. I hate being alone. I'm so afraid of being on my own." George chokes on a sob, his knees hitting the ground. He can't do it. He crawls closer to Dream, letting him hold him. He smells blood and copper and rot and..

"Bite me," he whispers. "Bite me, Dream."

"What?" Dream shifts away from him, eyes huge and afraid. "Why would I do that? That..George, what?"

"Just do it!" George shouts, flinching away from the sound of his own voice. "Please. Just do it," he pauses, eyes welling up with tears. "It'll make you remember. I promise." He lies. He lies right to his face and he doesn't even feel guilty. He has to do this. This is the only way, isn't it? It's the only way he'll be able to..he can't kill Dream. George can't. He just can't, and he won't, and he..

Dream closes his eyes, nodding. "You promise."

"I promise." George smiles, lip trembling. This is the only way.

"Okay," his boyfriend murmurs, his eyes clouded over, white tingeing his skin. Dream leans forwards, holding up George's hand. "H- here?"

"Yeah." At least they'll match. Dream turns his wrist over, running his fingers up and down his arm. Maybe he'll remember at the last second. But the way he talked about it, how he felt..George

doubts it. He doubts it'll happen. Dream's gone foggy. He's gone foggy, and there's nothing George can do about it. He wishes he never knew that could happen. Dream raises his wrist to his mouth, and George screams, a piercing cry that echoes in his head, ringing around the room. It hurts so fucking much, it's so horrible and awful, and god he's dying, he's dying, he's dying-

"Fuck!" George shouts, launching himself out of bed, gripping at the blankets. He grabs his wrist, running his fingers over it. Nothing. No blood, no pain, nothing. He's okay. "Dream!" George cries out, stumbling out of bed, sprinting to the door, running right into-

"George!" Dream. He breathes out, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend. "What happened? Are you okay?" Dream asks, his voice frantic. George pulls back, staring into his eyes. They're clear as ever, sharp and focused. "George?" He laughs, moving back to hug him.

"I had a.." he feels the tears coming on. "You..you were.." George stumbles through his words, his fingers curled up in Dream's shirt. "I'm so sorry. I couldn't do it."

Dream seems to get what he means, holding him even tighter. "Fuck," he murmurs into George's hair. "I'm so sorry. I'm okay, George. I'm..my name's Dream, you're George. We're in love. I had a cat named Patches and a roommate called Sapnap. They're..they're gone. I remember everything, George. It's okay, I'm okay. I love you. I love you so much, okay? You're okay," he whispers. "It's okay."

"Yeah," George cries, gripping Dream's shirt harder. "Yeah. I'm..I..I love you, too," he mumbles, his entire body on fire. His nerves are screaming at him, his lungs are burning, his heart slamming in his chest. His brain won't stop thinking and panicking and he's so scared. He's so scared. George has never been this scared in his entire life, not even when Dream went missing. "I was so scared."

"I know," Dream tells him. "But it's okay, right? You're okay. I'm right here, I remember everything. I know who we are, who you are. It's okay, Georgie. I'm okay. We're alright. I promise. I..I'll write a note," Dream pulls away, his hands resting on George's shoulders. "I'll write a note for myself, okay? If it ever..if it ever happens. I'll write a note. I promise. It'll be okay."

"You won't though, right?" George asks him, sounding like a kid. He sounds like such a fucking kid, clinging onto some false hope. "You won't go foggy. You won't. You're human, it's been five months. It's not going to happen, right?"

"Yeah," Dream smiles. "I won't."

"Promise."

"I promise," George nods. He knows it's not true. It's not something Dream can promise. But it makes him feel better, just a little. "I was just working on fixing a gun," Dream tells him. "I'm sorry I wasn't in there. Do you want to go back to bed? I'll stop what I'm doing. I'll come with you," George nods again, too exhausted to form words. "Okay," Dream takes his hand, leading him back into the bedroom. Back to their room. George shuffles, practically falling onto the bed, feeling it dip next to him, Dream's weight shifting the mattress. "Goodnight, George. I love you."

"I love you too, Dream." George tells him, turning to face Dream. His boyfriend does the same, and then he feels arms around him, pulling him closer. Even if their room's the hottest room in the entire bunker, George doesn't care. He snuggles into the touch, closing his eyes. He feels so warm. A *good* warm. He feels safe. It doesn't take him long to fall back asleep, curled up in Dream's arms.

"So," Dream grins. "Tell me about yourself, lover."

"Don't," George sighs, sliding a bowl to his stupid roommate. "What do kind of cereal do you want? There's the..Apple Jacks, and then..Lucky Charms. That's it. Which one?" Dream's quiet for a little bit, and George watches as he taps his chin in thought. "It's not that hard to pick a fucking cereal, Dream."

"I want both," his boyfriend grins even more. "Mix and match."

George stares at him. "You're getting Apple Jacks," he sighs, pulling the box out of the cabinet, placing it on their table. "What're you planning on doing today? Anything? Or are you finally just gonna chill for a day?" Dream snorts, taking the milk when George hands it to him. "Really, though."

"Well," he taps his fingers on the table. "I was thinking about going to the city to go scrounge up whatever I can find to fix my gun. Or just get a new one, I guess," he shrugs, pouring in his cereal. "But if you want me to, I can stay home. I don't mind. It's not like there's been an influx of zombies outside the bunker or anything. Plus, I've still got my axe. And you've got your crossbow and knives *and* gun, so it's not that big of a deal if I take today off," George takes the cereal from Dream when he's done, quietly thinking. He pours it into his bowl, tapping the spoon on the table. "George?"

"You can go," he smiles. "It's not like I'm in charge of you. Plus, you haven't been out of the bunker in a few days now. I know you're antsy."

"I'm not."

"You are."

"Are not."

"Dream."

"George."

George sighs, closing his eyes as he grabs at the milk. "You're ridiculous. You argue like a five year old, you know that?" But he smiles, not able to keep it off of his face. He can't help it. Dream's cute, endearing and adorable in his own little ways. "You're antsy and you know it. Go outside for once, you fuck. Get some sunshine. Breathe fresh air." Dream grins, a spoonful of cereal coming up to his lips.

"Okay," he smiles. "I'll bring us something cool," and so George eats his cereal in peace, says goodbye to Dream, kisses him on the cheek. He sighs, scooping up both of their bowls, setting them in the sink. He'll do dishes tomorrow. Or he might force Dream to do it, he's not really sure. "*George!*" His thoughts are broken off by a screech, and then an all-too familiar wheeze. He grabs his gun on the counter, sprinting out of the bunker after he punches the code in, frantically scanning the area for Dream and-

"*Hello.*" George frowns, the voice sounding..weird.

"George!" Dream's giggle rings out from the gas station, his voice echoing. "Oh my god, oh my god, *oh my god!*" George narrows his eyes, stalking towards the gas station. It's not that far, but..why did Dream go *there*? He always goes straight to the city. "George! Come *on*, I..oh my god!"

"What?" George kicks open the door, arms crossed, ready to..oh. "You found a dog."

"Sapnap!" Dream grins, gesturing furiously to the husky. "Say fuck! Say fuck! Say fuck!" The husky tilts his head, eyes narrowed.

"*Fuck*," he woofs, tail thumping against the ground. "*Hello*." George blinks.

"You're fucking kidding me."

"No!" Dream laughs, kneeling down, ruffling Sapnap's ears. "He's too stubborn to die! Look at him!" His grin is so big it looks like it hurts, and George's pretty sure he's doing the same.

"You..how?" Sapnap tilts his head, closes his eyes.

"*No*."

George grins, kneeling down. He opens his arms, and there Sapnap is, barreling right into him. He hits the ground, back rubbing against the disgusting gas station floor. He'll have to do laundry, and he *hates* that. "Oh my god," he giggles, squeezing Sapnap to his chest. "Oh my god. You're okay. You just keep fucking with death, huh?" He pushes his friend off of him, sitting up. "Huskies can speak?" Dream nods, beaming.

"Kind of. They, like, they don't have the right mouths and stuff to actually do it. But they can! It takes practice, but I mean.." Dream wheezes. "He was a human once, you know. He probably can talk a fuck ton more now," Dream holds out a hand, and George watches as Sapnap bumps it with his nose. "I love you so much, you fucking loser."

"Me too," George giggles, scooting over to join in on the group hug. "I love you too. Never die again, okay?"

Dream wraps an arm around his shoulders, Sapnap pushing his way into both of their laps. "I don't think he can actually die. I think he just keeps getting reincarnated into fucking animals," he grins. "Oh my god. Did you forget the way to the bunker? Is that what took you a month and a half?" Sapnap slams his head up, hitting Dream in the chin. "Ow! You fucking shit," but he's laughing, because *of course he is*. "I'll have to go to the city to go and get you some food, dude," Dream smiles, leaning back. George does the same, his chest feeling so much lighter, his entire world feeling so much better. "Don't shit in our bunker or in our lawn, okay? We have to look good for the neighbours." Sapnap just huffs, whapping Dream in the face with his tail.

George grins the entire time as they walk back to the bunker, his heart lighter than it has been in a month. Sapnap trots between them, barking and occasionally saying a few words whenever he feels like it. George can't help but feel like things are finally, *finally* going on the right track. *Finally*.

take a long drive by the ocean

Chapter Notes

hey i promise there's no angst (well not very much) this chapter, it's just really sweet & stupid :D

"Fetch!" George grins, throwing the ball as far as he can.

Sapnap stares at him, eyes narrowed. His tail is ominously still against the ground, ears lowered to his head. "*Fuck*," he barks, "*you*." George giggles a little, watching his friend glare at him. Sapnap marches right up to him, snapping the ball out of his hands.

"Rude," George snorts, reaching out to ruffle the fur by his ears. "Come on. Dream's probably gonna be wondering where we went," Sapnap barks, wagging his tail. George's pretty sure it's involuntarily. Sapnap always does that, his tail *always* wags at the mention of either them. George thinks it's cute, but he's never going to say that. He'd rather die than pretend to get along with him. "One day you're gonna play fetch with me, Snapmap. You're gonna do it. And I'm gonna pretend to throw the ball but I *won't*."

"*Bitch*." George sighs, but he's still impressed with how clear the word sounds. Sapnap picks the ball back up, dropping it to speak. Admittedly, George was kind of worried that it wasn't actually Sapnap and it was just a husky that knew how to swear. But after about thirty seconds, he knew for sure. His best friend's a fucking idiot, and normal dogs are smart - this one wasn't.

"Whatever," he waves a hand, stiffening at the growl behind him. It's not a Sapnap growl, it's a *zombie* growl. George turns, hand on his gun, and- oh. "Techno," he blinks at the man, the zombie, the creature, the *whatever*, crossing his arms. "Um, Dream's not with me," Techno raises an eyebrow almost perfectly, his eyes narrowing. Sapnap snarls from his side, ears low, tail high in the air. "Woah, it's okay," George reaches down, patting Sapnap on the head. "It's okay. Dream can..he can talk to them. I'm assuming you know that," Sapnap barks, a clear *yes*. "Yeah. Um, that's Techno. They're, like, friends," George sighs. "You want to see Dream, right?" Techno smiles. George shudders, even if it's not as bad as it could be. Techno..he still looks mostly human. George could probably mistake him for a human if he didn't know any better. But it's still weird to see a zombie making facial expressions at him. "Alright. Come on, then." He turns back around, hearing Techno walk behind him.

George wonders when his life got to this point.

He realises he doesn't care.

George sighs again, managing to keep his nerves down. When he first met Techno he was fucking terrified, obviously. A zombie that could grin at him was *not* on his list of plausible things, but there he was. And then he just kept *showing up*, over and *over* again. So he got used to him, since it was the only thing he could really do, since Dream didn't plan on killing him. Which George understands, he wouldn't kill Techno, either. He's too much like a person, and George would..it'd make him a murderer. Maybe he's already a murderer, what, with how many people he's killed. But they're *zombies*, feral and unhinged and *disgusting*. Techno's a zombie, too, but he's still a person. The others just lost their minds a long time ago. George stops when he's in front of their bunker,

punching in the code. "Dream!" He calls out, figuring he doesn't want Techno to go in. He's still a zombie, and he still has that rot smell. "Visitor!"

"*Again?*" Dream calls back, appearing a second later. Sapnap bolts past George, leaping up into Dream's arms. "Hi, Sapnap," he wheezes, letting the bastard lick his cheek. "Get down, fucker," Sapnap does, disappearing..somewhere. For such a loud dog, he manages to hide so easily. "Techno," Dream greets, leaning up against the bunker door. "Hi. You really followed George all the way here?"

"I told him to," George rolls his eyes. "He scared the fuck out of me for a second, but he wanted to see you."

"Ah," Dream nods, beaming. "Hey, Techno. How's.." Techno groans something. "Phil? How is he?" Techno's face droops a little, his eyes narrowing. "I'm sorry. Do you.." he pauses. "I can take care of him. You know what I mean," Techno blinks, which is fucking weird, but he doesn't look at that shocked. He groans, a low, sad sound. George feels..he feels *bad*. He doesn't even know why, but..Techno is a person. It seems like he's grieving, too. He's not sure. "Okay. I'll come to the city. Is that what Wilbur and the kid want? Or are you making the choice for them?" Techno snarls something, but it gets stuck in the back of his throat, coming out as a sad, deep scoff. George blinks, wondering how the hell one little noise can mean so much to Dream. "Alright. We'll bury him, too," Dream promises. "I know it's not all that special, but it'll keep the others away from him. I don't think they'd do anything, but at least you could visit. How bad is it? There's nothing left?" Techno nods, heavy and hard. "I'm sorry," Dream shakes his head. "I'm really sorry."

"So.." George clears his throat. "Phil..is that his friend?"

"I think he's his dad."

"Oh," he nods. "Um. He's gone foggy, then?" Dream nods back at him, eyes tinged with sorrow. "Okay. Um..I wouldn't mind coming with. We'll bring Sapnap." Sapnap boofs by his side, tail thumping against the ground.

"*Yeah.*" He beams, showing his teeth. George snorts, giving the prick a little shove. Dream smiles at him, then back at Techno. He turns, walking off into the kitchen, coming back with his backpack slung over his shoulders.

"Alright," Dream sighs. "I'm ready to go. Lead the way, Techno. Preferably somewhere less..populated," he adds. "They still don't all know George," Techno huffs, starting to saunter off towards the city. He walks fairly normally, almost like a human. He walks as fast, if not faster, than one, too. George isn't really sure how he's supposed to feel, considering how only a few months ago he would've shot Techno without any hesitation. But now..he just feels..*bad*. Bad? He doesn't even know if that's the right word for it. He feels guilty, maybe. Mournful. He's never met Phil in his entire life, but he understands how Techno feels. Even if it was only a nightmare, George..he can't get it out of his head. That one day Dream might go foggy. He shakes his head, closing his eyes for a brief moment. He shouldn't think like that, not now. "Sapnap! Down! You dumbass, oh my *god*." George snaps out of his thoughts, looking up at..Jesus Christ.

There's Sapnap, in Techno's arms. Dangling there like a fucking madman. "Oh my god," George breathes out. "You can drop him," he tells Techno. "Please. Drop him. Dropkick him. Punt him. Punt him like a small child," at that, Techno cracks a grin, his eyes twinkling a little. They're not..they aren't like the other zombies' eyes - there's still recognition back there. There's still a person behind them. "Please do it."

"Don't," Dream interrupts, giving them both the finger. "You're both dumbasses. Sapnap, down."

George, do not tell Techno to beat up our friend," he sighs. "Okay. Okay. We're here," he breathes out, quickly stopping and scanning the area. "This way?" Techno nods, letting Sapnap leap out of his arms. The dumbass trails behind them, tail low to the ground. George sighs, the must of the city hitting his nose, frying his senses for a second. God, it fucking *smells*. He's not sure what he expects - it's filled with rotting corpses. But *still*. "Wilbur." George perks up at the name, eyes scanning the area, spotting..oh. He's..he looks good.

Wilbur's immediately at his throat, but George's used to it by this point. Techno snarls something, which makes Wilbur back off, his eyes huge. His hair is messy and way too long, covering one half of his face. He has a guitar strapped to his back, a beanie haphazardly hanging off his head, and a bright yellow jumper on. A bright yellow jumper with a little bit of blood splattered around the collar. "Hi," George puts on his best smile. "I'm George." Wilbur rolls his eyes, which really shouldn't be possible, but he smiles. He has a nice smile.

"Where's the other one?" Dream asks, a lopsided grin on his face. "What's his name?" Wilbur murmurs something, his voice soft, soothing. George finds himself entranced, leaning forwards a bit. His head clears when he feels a strong grip on his shoulder, someone yanking him back. "Don't get too close," Dream sighs. "Wilbur's like, a siren. His voice is really nice until he ends up murdering you," Wilbur beams, clearly having more control of his face than Techno. "He's a cocky little fucker," Dream grins back. "Don't worry too much, he won't hurt you. If he did, I'd fucking murder him." Wilbur rolls his eyes again, giving a half-hearted shrug.

"He's..really animated."

"He moves a lot," Dream shrugs. "And..it's Tommy? Okay. Where is he?" Wilbur turns, gesturing over to..oh. That's probably Phil, George thinks. He's blonde, glazed over eyes. He's wearing a green and white striped t-shirt, hunched over. "Alright," Dream breathes out. "Do you want to say goodbye?" Wilbur smiles, his eyes crinkling a little. He shakes his head, and Techno does the same. "It doesn't mean much, huh?" Wilbur nods, a soft humming noise coming from him. "Alright. I promise I'll make it quick. If Tommy shows up, make sure he doesn't hurt George. I'll kill him," Dream promises, pulling his axe off of his back, holding it like it weighs nothing. He moves slowly, and George winces when Phil turns around, his eyes focusing briefly. "Hi," he can hear Dream speaking softly. "My name is Dream. Your sons are Techno, Wilbur, and Tommy. I hope you can rest easy, Phil." Dream murmurs, and then his axe is cleaving over Phil's head. The man doesn't even have a chance to react, it's over so fast.

Techno whines, his voice a lot lower than it had been. Wilbur does the same, his voice a much lower hum, eyes darker. "Bye." Sapnap whines, his ears pressed to his head. George pets him, ruffling his neck fluff a little.

"It's okay," he smiles. Sapnap's always been a little too compassionate. "He's somewhere a lot better than here, now. He finally can go like, chill for a minute," George sighs. Wilbur looks at him, a smile quirking at his lips. "Where's Tommy?" He gestures behind George, and *holy fucking shit*. The kid's taller than he is, messy blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and a really stupid fucking shirt. "Hi." He breathes out, taking a step back. Fucking..he's not *scared*, he just was *surprised*.

"Tommy!" Dream grins, waving. "It's nice to properly meet you. You're so fucking loud and annoying, you know that?" Dream saunters on over, arms crossed. "You shout too much." Tommy glares at him, leaning forwards. He shouts, echoing in the small area around them. It's the most human shout George's ever heard, and he's already decided that he wants to beat that bastard to death. Whatever. George watches as the zombies and his boyfriend have a conversation, then watches as Dream grabs a shovel.

They stay there for another twenty minutes, burying Phil. Dream marks it with a plank nearby, etching his name into it.

Phil

Rest easy now.

"You're sure this is a good idea?" George asks, doubt creeping into his chest. Dream's ideas, for the most part, aren't bad. But he's still Dream, and he's still the biggest adrenaline junkie George's ever met, so he's always a little concerned. "Dream."

"It is!" His boyfriend wheezes, carrying the stupid dog in his arms. Sapnap looks way too content, his head resting on Dream's shoulder, eyes closed. "God, you're such a big baby," Dream laughs, patting Sapnap's back. "You'll like where we're going, I promise. I've been here once before. After the apocalypse. But before everyone died, I came here all the time. It's really nice, you'll like it. I always get you things you like, right?"

George sighs, quietly muttering his agreement. Dream's way too perceptive, always picking up on the slightest of cues, the most minute hints. "How much longer do we have to walk?"

"Here!" Dream turns around, bumping George with Sapnap. "We're here," he repeats, grinning like a madman. "Okay, get down. You can walk," Sapnap huffs, but he does as he's told, leaping down from Dream's arms, paws hitting the sand. The sand? Wait. George blinks, staring right ahead. Oh. There's...it's the ocean. "You like it, right?" Dream asks, looping an arm around his shoulder, using his other hand to gesture out to the ocean. "I thought you'd like to..to come out here, you know? No one else is here. It's really nice at night, the water gets all cool and the sand isn't as hot." George smiles, ducking his head. Of course Dream would do this. Of course he'd do something this fucking sweet and stupid and *nice*.

"Yeah," he smiles even more, a warm feeling in the pit of his stomach. "Hey. Five pounds bet I can make it to the water before you." He starts to run before he even finishes the sentence, gaining a good couple of metres of a lead.

"Got it!" Dream shouts, *sprinting* past him.

"What the fuck!" George shouts back, narrowing his eyes as Dream skids right in front of the ocean, toes barely touching the water. "How the hell are you that fast?" Dream turns back to look at him, a grin cracking his face, wheezing. "Is that like, zombie power? What the fuck, Dream?" He laughs, jogging the rest of the way to the ocean, Sapnap right behind him, leaping at his back and scratching at his legs.

"I guess?" Dream wheezes again, doubling over, hands on his knees. "You owe me five *pounds*, Georgie. I want my money. Pay up."

George rolls his eyes, crosses his arms. "Don't think I will. You cheated."

"You got a head start!"

"So?" He grins, giving Dream a shove. He didn't mean to shove him so hard though, watching as his boyfriend tumbles back, not getting his balance in time. He splashes into the water, disappearing for a second. "Oh, fuck. Shit, sorry, Dream." George laughs, immediately stopping when he feels a hand on his ankle.

"I'm dragging you down with me." Dream tells him, hair hanging in front of his face, a bit of seaweed sticking out of his hair.

"Dream," George holds back his laughs, holding up his hands. "Listen, Dream. We don't have to do this. You don't have to do this."

Dream grins at him, and George knows that he's already made his choice. "I think we do," Dream tells him, and there he goes, back hitting the water. He gasps at how cold it is, *and* at how fucking hard the ground is, since Dream didn't pull him in far enough. "Come on!" Dream giggles, his voice pitching up. It only does that when he's really excited, George's learnt. "Swimming! You know how to swim, right?" George closes his eyes, kicking his foot up. He hears Dream scream, water clearly hitting the target. "Oh, you fucker." Dream's voice drops. Which *sucks*, because that means he's seen that as a challenge. Fuck.

He pushes himself up, desperately trying to sprint away from Dream. If he can get far enough out, he can probably just hide underwater for like, five minutes. Just to gather his bearings, to prepare himself for the war he's accidentally started. He watches Sapnap leap into the water, snorting when it goes up his nose. "Sapnap!" George calls out to the bastard. "Oh my god, Sapitcus Napitcus," he breathes out. "I'll give you my lunch from last night if you pounce your roommate." Sapnap's eyes light up, his tail whirling in the water, spraying it everywhere. Within a couple of seconds, Sapnap's right on top of Dream, and then Dream disappears under the weight of the dog, keeping him pinned down.

"*Loser*." Sapnap barks, only to be thrown off, disappearing for a second. He reemerges a second later, head popping up from under the water, just a few arm lengths away.

"Dream," George holds up his hands, giggling. "Dream, listen. I didn't mea-" a *huge* wave of water crashes over him, pulling him under. He holds his breath for a quick second, popping back up. "Okay, you know what?" He grins. "I'm gonna fucking end you."

"Bet," Dream challenges, grinning back in return. "Winner doesn't do dishes for a week."

George's eyes light up, and he is *so* ready to win.

George doesn't win.

He complains about it the entire time back to the bunker, soaking wet, sand stuck to his feet, chest, and hair. After their little water battle, they chased each other around in the sand, and Sapnap fucking barreled into him, tackling him to the ground. He's looking forwards to a shower in their bunker, a *warm* one, unlike the ocean, which never got any warmer. George grabs his towel off of the towel rack, turning out the shower to max heat, leaping in without preparing himself at all for the burning. He winces, but otherwise is fine, letting the water rinse of the fucking sand that's everywhere. George grabs his conditioner and body wash, getting that part done first. He sighs, the heat feeling a lot better on his skin than the slimy ocean water. To be fair, it hadn't been that bad. He had mostly been focused on winning, which he didn't even manage to do.

George clambers out of the shower after the water finally goes cold. He grabs his towel, dries himself off. He throws on a t-shirt and shorts, going straight to their bedroom. He finds Dream there, curled up with Sapnap, the husky resting his giant head on Dream's legs. George smiles, his two favourite people right there. He lays down next to Dream, who immediately reaches out for him, pulling him closer. "I love you." George giggles, feeling Sapnap lick his leg. Fucking dumbass.

"I love you too," Dream murmurs, voice tired and coated with sleep. "Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight, Dream."

He closes his eyes, letting himself drift off. He hears Dream's heartbeat, feels Sapnap's breathing. He smiles a little more, joy squeezing his chest. He's lucky, he thinks. He's the luckiest person alive to have them.

but he is the richest man in the cemetery

Chapter Summary

i'm so sorry

Chapter Notes

hopefully next chapter's better

"I'm really sorry," Dream tells Wilbur, running his fingers through his hair. A nervous tic, he thinks. Probably. "Seriously. I know you guys spent a lot of time with him."

"We did," Wilbur confirms, his voice soft, a low hum. He's British, just like George is. So is Tommy. Dream wonders if George was able to notice the accent. At the same time, though, Dream's not sure what George hears. Well, he sort of knows. Groaning, snarling, things like that. "He was sort of like a dad," Wilbur smiles, sighing right after. "Thank you. You didn't have to, but you did."

Dream smiles, ducking his head. "Don't worry about it," he tells him. "Seriously. It's okay. Techno asked, anyways. Plus, I wanted to stay out here for a little bit. Techno's taking George back home, by the way," he adds. "In case you were wondering where he went." Wilbur shrugs, looking disinterested. He normally looks disinterested, it's just his face, Dream decides.

"Alright," Wilbur taps his fingers against the plank, crouched down in front of Phil's grave. "I'm surprised someone like you exists, Dream. You know that this isn't suppose to happen, right?" Wilbur turns to look at him, light reflecting off of his eyes. "You should be dead by now. I should want to kill you."

"I know," Dream smiles, leaning against a half-ruined building's wall. "Yeah, I know. Trust me. I've been bit before. It was at the beginning, you know, and then I just.." he waves a hand. "Then you guys stopped wanting to kill me. Thank you for not scaring George too badly," he pauses. "I love him. He's the best thing that's happened in my life."

Wilbur smiles back at him, nodding. "I figured. You look at him like he's the sun."

"He is."

"Technically, he's not," Dream wheezes, rolling his eyes. "But I understand what you mean. If I lose my mind like Phil, Dream.." Wilbur trails off, his eyes shining. "I want you to kill me and bury me next to him. I watched him slowly forget, and I can't..I can't do that to Techno and Tommy. They're my brothers, you know? I can't let them watch me forget myself and them. Phil tried to hold out," Wilbur sighs. "He tried to hold on so hard. But he still slipped."

Dream nods, feeling his chest ache. Phil was always nice to him, even if he didn't know his name or why he was being nice. Even if he hadn't known him that well, even if he barely spoke to him, it

still hurts. "I will," he promises. "I'll do it. Don't worry, Wilbur. Do you think it's already happening?" Wilbur shakes his head, standing back up.

"No. It isn't. I remember everything and everyone. But I know it will," he sighs, closing his eyes. "I know it'll happen. There's not much I can do about it, either."

"Yeah," Dream agrees, quietly shifting. "I know. I'm afraid it'll happen to me."

"But you're human."

"I wasn't for a couple of minutes," he reminds him. "I don't know if it'll happen to me or not. But I'm afraid of it. George can't understand you, the zombies here are deadly and they'd kill him, Wilbur. The only reason you three haven't is because I told you not to. But he can't understand you. He doesn't know what you're saying. And then he'd be alone, he'd be alone, and.." Dream shakes his head, the thought making him feel sick. "I don't think he'd be able to kill me. He'd probably rather die with me than be alone again. I'd do the same."

Wilbur nods, humming softly. It's comforting, Dream thinks. He has a nice voice. He *was* a musician, though, so he's not all that surprised. "I'm sorry. I'll try to keep an eye on him if I ever leave," he assures him. "Techno visits quite a bit now, doesn't he?" Dream nods. "He'll help. I know he can't quite understand us, but I'm sure he can understand facial expressions. Maybe he'll figure it out."

"I don't know," Dream admits. "I don't think he will. It took me being bitten and coming back five minutes later to even stop being hunted down," he sighs. "But..yeah, maybe. I wrote a note for myself, just in case. Are you still able to write? Or are your motor skills shit?" Wilbur rolls his eyes, giving Dream an unimpressed stare.

"I'm a zombie, Dream. There's not much I can do anymore. You know, I thought I'd be a lot angrier than I am. I've seen a good amount of zombies go insane because they haven't had any food. But I suppose that's the problem, when there's only two people alive and neither of them are willing to be consumed," he snorts. "It does, hurt, though. It's difficult to move, sometimes. I think that's just my bones decaying."

"I know," Dream tells him, because he does. "Even if I didn't stay as one, I know how bad it hurts. It was the worst pain I've felt in my life. Does it get easier?" Wilbur nods, humming a song Dream vaguely recognises.

"Yeah. It takes a while, but it does get easier. How long has it been?"

"A year and a half," Dream sighs. "It's been a long time. I think George and I are the last two people on earth." Wilbur shrugs.

"I doubt it. Maybe here, but on earth? There has to be more people, Dream. There's no way you two just got lucky."

"I don't know," he shrugs back. "There's no one left in the city. No one else is here, we would've heard them. People move a lot in these kinds of situations, they don't stay in one place unless it's safe. That's why the bunker works so well," Dream taps his foot against the ground, sighing a little louder than he means to. "Do you still play music?"

Wilbur grins at him, his face lighting up with a joy Dream hasn't seen before. He pulls his guitar off of his back, shifting it in his hands. "I've lost a finger, so.." he shrugs, still grinning. Dream can't help but smile back. "I used to write music, you know. Have you ever listened to 'I'm in Love

with an E-Girl"?" Dream snorts.

"That's a real song?"

"Well, obviously," Wilbur laughs. "Here. It starts like this," he hums for a second, tapping his fingers on the side of his guitar. "Well, it's two forty-five PM," he sings, voice low. "Wake up from snoring, open DM's," Dream laughs, taking in the sound of his voice. He's a *really* good musician. "Can of Red Bull by the bed, vape is charged and Snapchat's read."

Dream claps, quietly applauding the dumbass. "Is that it?"

"I wanna be the guy that you fall asleep on call with," Wilbur, smiles, looking up at him. "I'll make you forget every guy that came before me. 'Cause I like you. And you like my attention. Let's skip to the good bit, let's consummate our internet connection. I'm in love with a, I'm in love with a, I'm in love with an e-girl," he finishes strumming, leaning back against the wall opposite of Dream. "I have to take a break now," Wilbur snorts, closing his eyes. "Fingers hurt. Come back tomorrow, I'll sing you another part of it." Dream snorts back at him, closing his eyes, enjoying the silence.

"You're good at that."

"Thanks. I practiced."

"I figured," he smiles, cracking open one eye. "I should probably get back to George."

"Go on, then. Serenade him with my song."

Dream laughs, stands up. He brushes the dirt off of his knees, grabbing his axe from its spot beside him. "Okay. He's not an e-girl, though," Wilbur shrugs, his eyes twinkling. Wilbur has the most human eyes Dream has seen. "I can't sing that song to him, Wilbur."

"Change the lyrics then. Not like it's copyrighted," he shrugs again. "Go on, now. I'm gonna go look for Tommy, he's run off somewhere," Wilbur sighs, closing his eyes. "I'll see you later, Dream."

"You too, Wilbur." He smiles, turning and walking away from the zombie. Dream feels weird, thinking of Wilbur as a zombie. He's literally still a human, he just has a finger missing and some exposed muscle. But for the most part, he looks entirely human. His smile is still genuine, he has all of his teeth, they're still white. His hair isn't falling out in clumps, it's all still there, his eyes are still human. It's ridiculous. And the same for Techno, too. He's a little less animated, but otherwise, he's still a human. He doesn't know much about Tommy, other than that he's loud and annoying, but that's fine. Most zombies are annoying, that one is just *loud*. Phil was *very* human. He could still laugh and move perfectly. He was very vibrant with his expressions, better than Wilbur with them. Dream feels a pit of guilt in his stomach, swallowing. He didn't really know Phil that well, but they had talked once or twice. Dream had always felt a lot safer when he was around Phil - he gave off..fatherly vibes, almost. Which was nice, considering how Dream didn't have a dad anymore.

Dream finds himself out of the city in a couple of minutes. They had been on the edge of it, anyways, which was nice. It's a lot nicer to not have to find a zipline to get around on, especially since George was with him. And Sapnap. He doesn't have a harness big enough for the fucker, or shaped to fit him. And it's not like when he was a cat, because Dream could've just held him. He sighs, shoving his hands in his jacket pockets.

He pauses, frowning. Where is he going?

He looks down at ground, the scent of rain overwhelming his senses. He blinks, looking back up. He turns, staring at the buildings behind him. A city, he thinks. Probably a city. That'd make sense, wouldn't it? He frowns even more, a veil of confusion threatening to strangle him. He..what the hell is his name? Where is he? Where is he going? Where did he..where'd he come from? He looks down at himself, a green jacket, black cargo pants. Knee high black boots. A gun strapped to his hip, an axe and a backpack on his back. He blinks, trying to remember where he was going. Was he going anywhere? He shakes his head, an annoying fog clouding his thoughts. He keeps walking, assuming that he was going away from the city. Maybe he was, maybe he wasn't.

He doesn't know. He keeps walking, spotting another building up ahead. It looks like a gas station. The closer he gets the more he thinks it actually is a gas station. He pauses, tapping his foot against the ground. It seems familiar. He feels like he should recognise it, like he should know why it feels important. He clenches his hands into fists, annoyance pressing at his head. Why the fuck does he not know anything important?

"Dream!" He turns, perking up at the name. Is that his name? Was that his name? A much shorter man with brown hair runs out of..a bunker? Is that a bunker? "How was your visit with Wilbur?"

"What?" He frowns, furrowing his eyebrows together. "Dream. Is that my name?"

"What?" The man repeats the word back, and he watches as his eyes go huge, a deep sadness crossing over his face, followed by panic. "No, no, oh my god, no. Dream, knock it off. This isn't funny."

"I.." he shakes his head, the fog getting a little lighter. "What? I'm sorry. I don't.." he shakes his head again, tapping his foot against the ground as hard as he can. The fucking fog..it's too..*there*. It's too persistent, it's pissing him off. "I don't know you. Or me," he adds, swallowing. "That's my name though, right? Dream?" The man's lip trembles, his eyes watering. Fuck. "I'm sorry," he breathes out. "I'm sorry. Please don't cry. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I just thought I'd..ask, I guess. You seem like you know me, right?"

"We.." he watches as tears fall from the man's eyes, his shoulders shaking. "I'm your boyfriend, Dream. I'm George. I'm in love with you. You don't..you don't remember me?" George asks, shaking even more. "Please say you're kidding. Please, please say you're joking. Dream, I swear I won't get mad or anything, just please tell me this is a shitty prank, and you..and you..you remember me. Please remember me." Dream reaches out, setting his hand down on George's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he tells him, feeling a pang of guilt in his chest. "I'm so sorry. I don't..we dated? We're in love," he repeats the words. They feel wrong on his tongue. "George, please don't..please don't cry," Dream swallows. "I didn't mean to make you cry, I didn't think you'd..where are we?"

"Home," George sobs, crashing into Dream. He lets it happen, pulling George closer to him. "We're home. But you don't know that. You don't know me. You don't know me or Sapnap or yourself or Techno or- or.." he trails off, crying harder. "*Fuck*, Dream. This wasn't supposed to happen, not to you," George grips his hoodie tighter, hands shaking. "Please come back."

"We should go inside, right?" Dream offers, trying to keep the waver out of his voice. "Who's Sapnap?"

"Your best friend," George echoes back, hollowly. "You..you wrote a note," he breathes out, trembling. "Okay. Okay, maybe..that might make you remember. Okay. Let's go," George grabs his hand, dragging him into the bunker. Is it even a bunker? Whatever. "Here," Dream looks around, the warm, cozy area making him smile. It's nice. It feels like home, he decides. "Here."

George presses a piece of paper into his hands, looking at him with pleading eyes.

Hey, me.

Your name is Dream. You probably don't remember anything, which is why you're reading this. You're in love with a man name George - he'll be the one to find you like this. It's going to destroy him. It's going to destroy you even if you don't remember. You're dating him. Your best friend is a man named Sapnap, but he's reincarnated into a dog. It's weird, don't worry too much about that. It isn't important. You got bit by a zombie (yeah lmao there are zombies) when the apocalypse first started, but you didn't turn. But you did gain the ability to talk to them, control them to a degree, stuff like that. There's this thing that happens, where zombies that are too smart (only the city zombies) go foggy. Their brain fills up with fog (metaphorically) and they forget everything about themselves and the people around them. The city zombies are smart, so they form a lot of close connections with other zombies. They're basically still people. But when that happens, they slowly go insane because they can't remember anything that they should. So that's why I wrote you this. I know you're not going to remember. Listen. If you start to go insane, if you start getting angry and violent and if you even fucking DARE hurt George, you need to kill yourself. I know that sounds scary, but it's literally the only option for us. From me to you, that is exactly what you have to do. George means too much to the both of us.

You can't hurt him. No matter what, you can't do it. Do not bite him, scratch him, or even kiss him for that matter. I don't know how turning someone exactly works, but I'm pretty sure you can turn him, even if you don't mean to. So don't. Try your best to remember. Talk to George, talk to him like you know him. He'll need it. It's going to hurt him so bad. It probably already has, if you've already gotten this. He knew where it was, he would've given it to you. Please don't forget. Please don't spiral. I know it's pointless asking you that, but try, okay? It's important. It's important to me, to George, to Sapnap, and to yourself. You're particularly close to a trio of zombies. Their names are Techno (pink hair), Wilbur (brown hair), and Tommy (loud + annoying). They're good people. If anything else, take George to the city (you'll figure it out, promise), and let them take care of him. Or if he doesn't want to go, bring them here. They won't hurt him. They all know better.

Try, okay? Try to remember. Alright. There are a lot of memories packed into this shitty bunker - something has to work. You don't get to forget the best times of your life just because some stupid fucking virus decided it'd happen like that. Don't you dare forget, Dream. Don't fucking do it, okay? You don't get to just forget George. You don't deserve the luxury of starting new, alright? Good. Now go tell him that you love him and that you're going to try to remember.

- Dream

well you can't get what you want but you can get me

It's been a couple of days now, and the fog hasn't gone away. Sometimes it lightens enough that he can see something, see himself and George laughing together. But sometimes it gets so much worse and he has to read the letter over and over again, to remind himself of who he is, where he is, who he's with. Dream sighs, quietly tapping his fingers against the table. It's made out of mahogany. It's nice. He likes the colour. He likes the colour of almost everything in the bunker, though there *is* an overwhelming amount of blue, and he isn't sure why it's all there. To be fair, he doesn't really know anything. None of his memories have come back, and it doesn't help that George won't really talk to him. For the most part, he stays in his room, only coming out to grab something to eat or drink. Then he disappears again. Dream..he really, really doesn't like that. He wishes he could talk to him more, to try to understand who he is. Dream sighs again, watching the dog trot out of his room. The dog is called Sapnap, and he, apparently, used to be a person. At least, that's what old him said.

"Hey," Dream smiles down at the husky, watching him tilt his head. "Um. Can you..can you talk to George for me?" He asks, feeling weird talking to a fucking dog. "He won't talk to me," Dream explains. "He won't even look at me," a feeling of sadness washes over him, threatening to drown him. "I wish he'd talk to me, Sapnap," he tells the dog, sliding out of his chair. He crouches down, opening his arms. Sapnap immediately shuffles into them, his head on Dream's shoulder. "I don't know why he won't."

"Hurts," Sapnap barks. Dream pulls himself back from the hug, frowning. "*Don't start.*" Dream laughs, a grin breaking across his face.

"So you really are a person. Huh," he smiles, looking down at his hands. "I'm sorry," Dream shakes his head. "I'm really sorry. I wish I could remember. I know it's hurting him. The letter said it would," he tells Sapnap, watching the husky wag his tail. "The letter really said a lot about me, huh? Just..as a person, I guess. Past me told me to kill myself if I ever started to go insane," Dream sighs. "He was probably right about that. Maybe it'd be for the best if I just got it over with," Sapnap snarls at him, a low growl echoing in his ears. "You don't want me to?"

"No."

Dream smiles, leaning back on the ground. "Okay. Sorry. I won't. I'm just.." he throws his hands up, letting them hit the ground behind him. "It's bullshit. I can't remember who I am or how I met George. I don't even know if I.." he closes his eyes, feeling Sapnap's weight on his chest. "I just wish I could remember, man. I want to remember him. I want to remember him so badly. Whenever I look at him I, like, I don't know," he shakes his head. "I don't know, Sapnap. I feel happy. Warm, kinda. The fog sort of goes away for a couple of minutes and I can see something. Like we're laughing, or we were at this ocean, or we were in a..gas station, I think. On top of it, maybe? I don't know. But he won't even look at me, Sapnap. He won't talk to me, he doesn't even come out of his room unless he *has* to, and I just.." Dream sighs, feeling the dog do the same. "Yeah. I don't remember loving him, but I know I do. I wish he didn't act like I.."

"I don't know," he admits, forcing himself to sit back up. The hardwood floor isn't really all that comfortable. Sapnap scrambles off of him to lay on his lap, staring up at him. "I wish he wouldn't act like I'm..gross," Dream breathes out. "I don't know. It just feels like he doesn't..even like me anymore. I know it's hard, I know it's bad, I just.." he sighs again. "I thought, maybe, he'd try, you know? Try to help me," he stares at George's door when he hears it creak, watching as the man fumbles it open. As soon as they make eye contact, George's already closing the door again, going

back in his room. "George, *wait*," Dream pushes himself off of the ground, taking two long strides over to it, sticking a foot in between the door and the frame. "Please talk to me."

"Dream, you're.." George shakes his head, his eyes red. "I've got nothing to say."

"Yes you *do*," Dream protests, his shoulders slouching. "Please, George. *Please*. I'm sorry, okay? Is that what you want me to sa-"

"I want *Dream* back!" George shouts, gripping the side of the door harder. "You aren't *him*. You don't fucking know anything, you don't remember anything. You're a completely different person, you aren't even.." he laughs, closing his eyes, his voice cracking. "You're nothing like him."

Dream blinks, a hollow feeling sinking into his chest. "No," he mumbles, "please don't. Please don't say that," Dream practically *begs* him, feeling his eyes water. He might not remember, but he still feels. And that *fucking hurt*. "I..George, it's not my fault," he reaches out, hand shaking. "Please, George. I'm going insane being alone. I don't like it," Dream offers. "I know that. I don't..I don't have to remember to know things, George. I know I'm in love with you, I feel it. I feel like you're the most important person in the world, and I just.." he shakes his head, the letter repeating in it. "What you said hurt a lot, George," Dream forces a smile. "I felt that. What you said hurt me. Really badly. I feel like I'm going to cry, and I think it's because you don't want *me*. I know I'm not your Dream," he murmurs. "I know I'm not him. But I still am, right? I just have to..I have to remember, that's all." George opens his eyes, staring at him.

And then he's lunging forward, kissing him. Dream kisses him back, ignoring that part of the letter. Zombies don't work that way, he's pretty sure. He wraps an arm around George's waist, using the other one to cup the back of his head. He doesn't know how long they stay like that, but he knows George moves back first. "You have to remember," George tells him, moving closer. He rests his head on Dream's shoulder, wrapping his arms around him. "You have to. I can't live without you, Dream. I fucking hate it."

"Then why are you doing it?" Dream feels annoyance press at him, his eyes involuntarily narrowing. "You're keeping away from me. I've tried to talk to you, and all you do is just..shut the door in my face," he swallows, feeling sadness and anger crash into him at once. "I want to remember, George. But you don't want me, do you? You want me to remember. But you can't stand to look at me," he laughs, a hollow sound that echoes around him. "You can't stand knowing I'm here. I know you want him back, George, but I can't *go* back if you don't help me." George is quiet for a while, the only noise around them being their breathing.

"Okay," George murmurs into his shoulder. "Okay. I'm sorry, I.." he sighs, long and low. "I don't know what I was doing. I'm so sorry. I just..I can't..it's hard?" He offers. "I'm sorry. I'll be better, I promise. I don't know what..what I was thinking. I..do you remember *anything*?"

Dream smiles, feeling that hollow feeling make its way out of his chest. "I saw us at an ocean," he offers. "And a gas station, I think. And in here, in your room I think. Mine didn't look like what I saw," Dream sighs. "I saw a cat a lot. Um..*Patches*, right? That was her name?" George nods. "And a guy with pink hair, a guy with a yellow sweater on.." he frowns. "I killed a man. I killed a guy and no one stopped me. Why didn't anyone stop me?"

"Because he was a zombie," George tells him. "His name was Phil. He..what happened to you happened to him. He went foggy. That's what you called it. When a zombie ends up losing their mind entirely. They forget who they are, where they are, who the people around them are.." he trails off. "They forget everything and then they go insane. Because they think they should remember something, but they don't. It gets to be too much, and then they just..go feral."

"Oh," Dream frowns. *"Oh. But I..I remember me, kind of. And you. I know about you,"* Dream shifts on his feet. "You should let me in the room." George smiles at him, giving him an eye roll.

"Okay," he takes a step back, taking Dream's hands in his own. "Come on, then. Um..maybe you'll recognise something in here, right? Here." Dream scans the area, blinking.

"Dream, you dumbass, it is not piss vision. You just won't accept that I'm colourblind. You suck."

"Well," he wheezes, doubling over. "You have piss vision. Why don't you accept it, Georgie? Piss vision." He coos.

"Dream!" George laughs, giving him a shove. "You're so annoying."

Dream breathes out, a sharp pain in his head. He turns to face George, closing the door. He grins, feeling warm. "Piss vision?" George's face splits into a grin, his entire face lighting up, his eyes brightening.

"Oh my god. You remember that?"

"Yeah," he laughs, beaming. "I just remembered it. You're colourblind? Why did I call you *piss vision*?" George sighs, but he's still grinning.

"Um..greens and yellows look the same. The only colour I can see really clearly is blue."

"Oh," Dream nods. "That's why a lot of things are blue, then. Right? Did you do that?"

"No," George tells him, his smile turning soft. "You did. You surprised me when I woke up with it."

Dream smiles, ducking his head. "I'm a romantic, then."

"Something like that," George laughs, dragging him towards the bed. "Come on, talk to me. What else do you remember? How do you feel?" Dream turns when he hears a scratching at the door.

"Fuck's sake, Sapnap.." George sighs, moving to open it. "Come on, then. Fucker," Sapnap barks, tail wagging. "Up," George pats the bed, rolling his eyes. "You stay there." As soon as Dream sits down, though, there's Sapnap, clambering on top of him.

"Hey," Dream wheezes, patting his head. "How're you?" Sapnap barks again, a grin on his face. Weird. "That's nice," George sits next to him, and Dream wonders if he notices that he immediately snuggled closer to him, resting his head on Dream's shoulder. "Alright. Sometimes the fog clears a little. Just enough for me to see a couple of things. I've seen us a lot. Um.." he flushes, ducking his head. "I see a lot of you. It's mostly you, actually. Your face, your laugh. You running around in the ocean, on the beach. With me in a city, on a roof. I see that one a lot," Dream tells him. "I see a lot of the roof. But we didn't act like we knew each other though. Maybe that's..is that when we met? On a roof?"

"Yeah," George grins, closing his eyes as Dream wraps an arm around him. "Yeah. It is. You got trapped on the gas station roof with Patches in your backpack. I climbed up there to save your ass, and you ended up just..impressing me, for the most part. We killed about thirty zombies together, and then you came back home with me. But I guess it wasn't home yet," he muses, softly. "And then you never really left. You'd go out to the city, but you wouldn't leave me for more than a couple of hours. You told me you were afraid of being alone."

"I am," Dream confirms. "I, um, when you stayed in here the entire time. I was afraid that I'd be alone for the rest of my life, I guess."

"I'm sorry," George opens his eyes, genuine guilt shining in them. "I don't know what I was thinking."

"It's okay," Dream smiles at him. "Um..can you tell me about myself? I think you'd probably know me pretty well by now."

George smiles, closing his eyes again. "Okay. You're around six three, so you're way too fucking tall. You have a really pretty smile, your hair always is fluffy in the mornings and you hate it. You only take cold showers for whatever reason. You've broken both legs, your right ankle, and both wrists before. You don't like oatmeal but you'll eat it anyways because I do. You talk to yourself when you're alone, or when you think you are. You have a hard time going to sleep and sleeping in general, but you always go to bed with me. You had really bad nightmares for a couple of months at one point. You're really selfless and kind, and just..you're perfect, Dream. You're genuine and funny. Strong, too. Dangerous, but not to me or anyone you can about. You're more of a cat person, and you hated your first job. You like to listen to music. You're good at engineering things and just making shit up. You built ziplines in the city so you wouldn't have to touch the ground as much. You're terrified of being alone. So am I." Dream nods a little, the words making sense.

"What about you? Tell me about yourself?"

"Oh," George sighs. "Um, well. I'm five nine. I lived in Brighton for the better half of my life before coming here to see if I wanted to move. I got stuck here when the apocalypse started. I'm really scared of being alone. I can't cook or drive for shit. Oh, um, you never started to swear until you met me. I swear a lot. I like to go on walks and shit, but I haven't been doing that a lot. I'm also more of a cat person, I had cats before I came here. My favourite colour is blue. I really like your eyes, too. You're afraid of heights.." he breathes out. "I'm bad at talking about myself. Um, we flirted for about two weeks before I admitted that I liked you. You just laughed at me and said that you knew, that we had been flirting for a long time," Dream wheezes, rolling his eyes. "And that! You do that a lot. You wheeze. It's your laugh. You laughing is just wheezing. Your best friend is Sapnap. You had to kill him when he turned into a zombie at the beginning of the apocalypse. He ended up reincarnating into your cat, Patches. Sapnap ended up dying again in Patches body, and then he came back as this random husky," he gestures to the dog on Dream's lap. "You guys were roommates."

"George?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you," Dream smiles. "I don't remember falling in love with you, not very clearly. But I..I know I do love you," he smiles even more at the look on George's face, his smile so bright it makes his heart warm. "I think I'll remember," he beams. "I don't think I could forget you."

"You already have."

"No," he disagrees. "I'm remembering. It's just..hard, that's all. I promise I'm trying my best. I'll try my best until I remember, George," Dream promises him. "I love you."

George beams at him, moving to rest his head on Dream's chest. "I love you too, Dream. I know you'll try. Do you..I'm tired. Do you wanna talk about this later?"

"Sure, Georgie," Dream sighs, content as he shifts himself down onto his pillow, Sapnap wriggling his way in between them. "Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight, Dream."

Dream doesn't sleep that night, but he doesn't mind. He's content enough to listen to George's heartbeat.

and some weeks are colder

Dream watches the snow fall from the bunker's window, watching it swirl. The window's caked with a layer of ice, which is pretty, everything considered. He can hear George talking with Sapnap in his room. For the most part, George still hasn't let him in his room very often. Maybe once or twice, but that'd be pushing it. Dream sighs, tapping his finger against the rim of the window, the wind howling outside. "Huh," Dream hums, quietly pulling out the note from his pocket again. At this point, it's wrinkled and worn, but it's still legible. "Huh," he repeats the word, eyes scanning it again. He's read that thing more than a hundred times now, and it still feels weird. To know that he wrote that, to know that he *knew* this would happen. Why didn't he give himself anymore instructions or details or just...*anything*? He's thankful for what he did get, but he's still so, so confused. He hears Sapnap's claws scrape at the ground behind him. Dream turns around, a grin splitting his face as he watches George trails out after the dog, smiling back at him. "We should go outside."

"What?" George laughs, looking at him like he's insane. "Dream, it's snowing. It's cold and gross out right now. I'm..I don't even have a heavy coat, I'm not going out in the snow with just a t-shirt," Dream rolls his eyes, pulling his hoodie over his head. "Dream. No."

"Here," he tosses the green hoodie towards George, grinning when he catches it. "Please? I don't get cold easily. And you said that your room is the hottest room in the bunker, so I mean.." he shrugs, beaming. "We could always warm up in there, right? And I think he'd appreciate it," Dream gestures to Sapnap, who's grinning back at him. "He's a husky, they're built for this kind of weather." After a couple of seconds, George sighs, shifting into the hoodie.

"Fine. But if I get sick and die of pneumonia, I'm going to be annoyed with you," Dream wheezes, grabbing George hands. "Why are you looking at me like that?" George laughs, but it sounds more like a scoff. Dream's learnt that certain scoffs actually mean he's happy. George's hard to learn for the most part, but it's easier when Dream's already learnt it all already.

He gives a one-shouldered shrug, beaming. "You're pretty, what can I say?" Dream grins, watching George flush. "Come on, bitch!" He turns to shout at Sapnap, who just glares right back at him. "Um. What's the code to leave?" Dream wheezes, ducking his head. George laughs with him, giving him a light shove.

"3-2-3-8," George tells him, smiling brighter than the sun. "It's the same to leave and to get back in."

"Got it," Dream smiles at him, feeling warm even though the wind is cold and biting, freezing his hands as soon as he steps outside. He watches Sapnap bound around in the snow, leaping up and diving head first into it, barking like a madman. "Look at him," Dream laughs, leaning back against the mountain the bunker's cemented into, crossing his arms. "He's just a puppy. Are these human instincts, or are you just, like, fully dog now?" Sapnap turns, perking his ears him.

"*Fuck you.*" He barks, before he *immediately* goes back to leaping into the snow, diving and rolling around in it, tearing off in circles.

"Leave him alone," George teases him, nudging Dream with his elbow. "At least *he's* cute." Dream snorts, rolling his eyes.

"You liked him better when he was a cat and you *know* it, George."

George looks at him like he's just said something terrible. Dream opens his mouth to ask just what he fucked up now, but George just grins at him, his eyes sparkling. "You..you remember that?"

"Remember what?"

"When he was a cat."

Oh. *Oh*. That's why he was looking at him like that. "I didn't even..I didn't realise that was a memory," Dream admits. "It just felt natural to say. He was my cat, right? Patches. That was her name. And then that prick," he gestures to Sapnap, "reincarnated himself into her. Right? That's how it worked. I don't really..I didn't realise I remembered that. It just sort of felt like it was..I don't know, common knowledge for me?" George practically launches himself at Dream, wrapping his arms around him. "Hi." Dream laughs.

"Hey," George giggles back at up, his smile making Dream's entire chest go fuzzy. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For the beginning," he sighs. "For not talking to you."

Dream rolls his eyes, giving George a shove back, watching as he stumbles a little too far back, foot catching a loose patch of grass, and- *oops*. Dream wheezes, doubling over as he watches George sputter and swear, yelling way too loudly. "Oh my god," he wheezes again, stumbling back, pressing himself against the mountain wall. "Holy shit, George, I'm so sorry, I didn't even.." he laughs, tilting his head up, eyes watering. It might be from the cold, but it might be from how hard he's laughing, he isn't sure which one. He hears Sapnap bark, sees the snow kick around him, and watches as the massive husky propels himself forwards, landing right on George's stomach. "Sapnap!" Dream laughs, sliding down, his ass hitting the ground. "Oh my god, get *off* of him!" He grins, wiping a stray tear off of his face. "You're gonna kill him! You weigh like, three hundred pounds!" Sapnap barks at him, leaping off of George and scrambling onto Dream, pressing a cold paw right against his neck. Dream pushes him back, too, not even caring when he whines.

"Dream!" George shouts, still in the snow. He's just glaring up at him, his eyes narrowed, glaring at him so hard Dream's afraid he might accidentally get smited. "You little fucking shit, you *help me up*, right now!" Dream doubles over again, his efforts to maintain his laughter completely shattering. "Oh my god, this is *not* funny, you fucker!"

"It kinda is," he wheezes, squeezing his eyes shut. "Oh my god. You're so..you're such an idiot," he giggles, barely noticing the cold bite at his skin anymore. "Come on." Dream reaches his arm out, feeling George grab his hand as soon as he does. Which he realises is probably a mistake when he feels more force pulling him *down* than him pulling George *up*, but he lets it happen anyways. He feels his breath rush out of him when his back hits the ground, snow flying up around him. His arms are going numb, he swears, but it's whatever.

"Suck it!" George giggles, dancing away from Dream's hands. Dream rolls his eyes, letting himself lay in the snow for a little. Even if he only has a t-shirt on, it's still nice. He's not even that cold, anyways. It's nice to just be with George, to just..

To remember him.

"Hey," Dream smiles up at him, watching George lean over. He wraps his leg around George's bringing him tumbling down next to him, an annoyed grunt leaving his mouth. "Get on my level, Georgie," he teases, grinning at his boyfriend. Are they still boyfriends? He doesn't know. He's assuming so, but he isn't..he's not quite sure. "Hey, George?"

"Yeah?" George glares at him, but he's still smiling. "What'd you want, Dream?"

"Thanks." George stares at him, eyes softening.

"For what?"

"For being you," Dream smiles, staring up at the sky. "For helping me. I know it's hard. I'm sorry. But I'm trying. And I'm glad you're trying, too. It's..it's really helping me. I love you, George."

"You.." George sighs. "You don't have to say that. I know you don't."

"I do," Dream protests. "I might not remember everything, but I *know* that, George. I still get fucking..butterflies in my stomach whenever you smile at me. You make me really happy, George. I don't even remember feeling like this before. You make me really, really happy. Like, it's..it's so stupid," he laughs, watching the clouds pass by. "It's really stupid. I know that sounds dumb, but it's just..I feel like myself when I'm with you. Or like I'm close to being myself. When I'm all alone, I just.." Dream sighs, closing his eyes for a second. "I feel like I'm someone else. That's when the fog gets worse. But right now, it's so..it's clear. I feel *good*, George. I feel like myself."

George doesn't say anything for awhile, which Dream is okay with. He didn't really expect him to. As hard as it is for Dream to adjust, he can't even begin to understand how hard it has to be for George. How hard it had to have been to see him, to make himself look at Dream. Dream knows he isn't the same person that George met, but he's..he's trying. He's trying to go back to that. Not only for George, but also for himself. Though it's mostly for George, he'll admit that to himself. But he wants to know who he was before, to remember what he did when he was a kid. To not have memories show up in flashes and blurs and not even know if they're real or not. He's content to look at the sky for right now, though. To make new memories in place of old ones. Just until those old memories come back. "Dream.." George's voice is quiet, barely more than a whisper. Dream rolls over on his side, smiling a little at him. "I love you, too."

Dream grins at him, feeling his chest warm up, his heart beating a little faster than it probably should be. "Thank you. I'm sorry. I know it's hard. I don't know if I could do what you're doing. You're so..you're strong, George. Thank you for being strong." George smiles back at him, biting down on his lip a little.

"I'm not strong," he shakes his head. "I'm really, really not. I just..I want you back. And I can't.." he breathes out. "I can't get you completely back if I avoid you. And I promise I won't anymore. I don't want you to have to deal with the fog. To have that..I'm so sorry. Is it bad right now?"

"No," Dream promises him. "It's okay. It's clear. It's completely clear."

"Good," George laughs, turning to lay on his back again. Dream does the same, feeling the weight of Sapnap on his chest, sprawling across both him and George. "I'm sorry for what I said. That you aren't..that you're nothing like him. That was a lie. You're exactly like him," George laughs again. "Probably because you *are* him. Hey, Dream?"

"Yeah, George?"

"What was the first real gift you got me?"

"Those glasses," Dream answers without hesitation, not quite sure why he knows that. "The ones that help you with your vision. I stole them from someone's house. I thought it'd make you happy, and that's the only reason I touched the ground for them."

George smiles. Even if Dream can't see it, he knows he is. "Thank you."

"Of course, George."

After awhile it gets too cold for Dream to be outside in just a t-shirt and sweats, so he picks up George and carries him inside, Sapnap trailing at his heels. George ends up dragging him to his bed - *their* bed -, giving him his hoodie back, even if it's covered with snow. Dream gives it back to him, figuring that might help. It probably smells like him, whatever that might be. He lays down with George snuggling up next to him, face against his chest, arms and legs thrown and looped around him. Dream smiles as he feels himself heat up, closing his eyes when he feels Sapnap finally leap up on the bed, curling up on his feet.

He feels..a lot better. He feels so much better. The fog's clear from his mind, completely clear. The smell of rain is gone, his head doesn't hurt. The annoyance that's always there is *gone*. Everything is just so much better. Thank god for George, he thinks. Dream hears the wind howl from outside of the bunker. Just faintly, barely at all, but he can still hear it. He breathes out, taking a breath of fresh air for what feels like the first time in years. Maybe it is the first breath of fresh air he's taken.

Maybe things will be better. With George, Dream thinks, things will be.

you're the only difference

Over the next couple of weeks, the fog comes back.

And then it goes away entirely. And then it comes back, worse than it had been. And then he remembers everything, and then he has to lock himself in his room to reread the note because he has no clue where he is. Which fucking *sucks*, Dream decides. Today is one of the good days, he remembers everything. He remembers punching a guy in the face in third grade because he made fun of Sapnap. He remembers scrambling up to the gas station roof, immediately swooning when he saw a cute guy pop up next to him. He remembers talking to Wilbur, listening to him, listening to him sing. Dream remembers killing Phil. He remembers breaking his leg, meeting Techno, talking to Tommy.

He remembers falling in love with George.

He remembers *everything*, which he's thankful for. At the same time, Dream's pissed. He's really, really upset. Because every single *fucking time* he remembers everything, the fog comes back. Dream's started to write himself more notes, taping pieces of paper to his walls to make sure he remembers what's been happening. His best record was a week. He remembered everything for a week, and then he forget everything for a couple of days. He hates it *so much*, not even because he keeps forgetting. He hates it because it hurts George, and he's so pissed at himself that he can't remember. That he can't even stop it from happening. Sometimes he just wakes up next to George, and he's got no idea where he is. The only thing that's ever been clear is that he's in love with him, and that's about it. Everything else is gone, and then he has to relearn it. He freaked out when Techno knocked on the bunker door, almost shot him in the face. Thank god George stopped him before he did that. Thank god for George.

Dream sighs, hearing George's door open. It's only around six in the morning, so Dream's honestly surprised he's even awake. "Dream?" George murmurs, the tremor very obvious in his voice.

"Hey, George," he hears his boyfriend breathe out, a sigh of relief so obvious it hurts. "I'm sorry. I wrote another note," Dream tells him. "I'm writing a lot of those. To make sure I don't fuck something up.." he sighs, tapping his fingers against the table. He's been doing that a lot, he's noticed. Maybe it's just a nervous tic. "How'd you sleep?"

"Okay," George sits across from him, eyes a little red. Had he been crying? "Why did you come out here? You never wake up early." Dream gives him a half shrug.

"I went for a walk," he tells him. "It's snowing again. I think..I'd like to go to the mall later today," he sighs. "To get you an actual coat. So you don't have to keep stealing mine," Dream teases, leaning closer to him, grinning. "Not that I mind, but I'd like to go on walks and shit together. And not freeze to death."

George rolls his eyes, a soft smile on his lips. "Okay. Where's Sapnap?"

"He wanted to go outside," Dream shrugs. "So he's out there right now. I think he just likes the snow." George laughs, rolling his eyes at Dream.

"Oh my god. You're such an idiot. Of course he likes the snow, Dream. He's a *husky*, they're built for that kind of weather. Speaking of the bastard," he leans back in his chair. "Did you get him more food last time you were out?"

"Yep," Dream smiles, reaching over to grab his backpack. "I got the smaller one. I didn't want to haul fifty pounds of dog food in my backpack," he grabs the bag, pushing it across the table so George can put it in Sapnap's bowl. "And treats. I got him some treats. I figured he'd like them." George giggles, opening the bag of dog food, pouring it into the metal bowl on the ground.

"He's very against being treated like a dog, Dream. You know that."

"What?"

"What do you mean 'what', he's never-" the man turns to look at him, eyes narrowed. "Oh. *Oh*. Already? You just woke up.." the man sighs. "Okay. Hi, my name is George, you're Dream. We have a dog who used to be a human, his name is Sapnap. We're dating, in love, whatever you wanna call it. There are zombies, but you can talk to them. You're friends with three of them. Techno, Wilbur, and Tommy. You write yourself notes everything this happens," Dream frowns. What the *fuck*. "Yeah. It happens a lot. We're trying to figure out how to make it not happen, but that's the rundown. All of those notes are in that room," George points to a closed door. "And the code to the bunker is 3-2-3-8. To get in and out you have to put that code in."

Dream closes his eyes, a fog pressing at his skull, pain shooting up face. "God, I.." he has *such* a bad headache. "Is it normal to feel like I'm dying? How many times has this happened before? We're in love." He finishes his question with a statement, because that much seems to definitely be true. George nods, smiling at him. He can feel his chest hurt for a second, feels himself smiling. Dream ducks his head, wheezing a little. He can't remember anything about himself, but he can get fucking butterflies from just *looking* at George? He must be in deep.

"Yeah," George agrees. "It hurts sometimes. How's your head? Clear? Or is it full of fog?"

"Both?" Dream offers. "I don't know..I remember snow. It's snowing right now," he adds. "We have a dog. He's a husky, right? He was my friend, my roommate. I know that."

"Good!" George grins, looking so much happier. "Good. That's good. We went out in the snow a couple of weeks back. Here," he stands up, offering Dream a hand. "Come on. I'll take you to your room."

"Okay," Dream nods, quietly taking George's hand, letting him drag him off to the room. "Thank you."

"No problem," George shrugs, placing a hand on his back. "I'm..I'm gonna let Sapnap back in. Come out whenever you want. Try to remember, okay?"

"Of course," he promises, not sure why he does. George smiles, brighter than the sun. It makes his heart warm. It makes him so happy, so ridiculously..Christ. He's a fucking simp, isn't he? Christ. Dream opens and closes the door, blinking at the sheer amount of paper on the wall, writing everywhere. He turns around, finding himself facing another piece of paper. "To Dream, from me. Here are the things you've done in the past three months.." he reads, reading the rest of the note silently. Some of the things on there make the fog clear a little, and he vaguely remembers going to the city, like the note said. He remembers someone singing, someone dying. He remembers killing someone. Dream winces, his head aching a little more. He puts the note back up, wandering to the next one. "You're twenty-two, George is twenty-four, Sapnap is technically twenty-something now," he mumbles. "Huh." Dream looks at the next one, smiling at the little drawings of three people. One is a man with pink hair labeled "TECHNO". The second is another man with brown hair, a yellow sweater, and a beanie, labeled "WILBUR". The last one is a man with blonde hair and a stupid looking t-shirt. He's labeled "TOMMY". Dream smiles, setting it back above his bed.

He sighs, feeling a splitting, piercing pain in his skull. Dream squeezes his eyes shut, wincing at how bad it hurts. "George," he clears his throat, frowning a little. "George!"

"Yeah?" He breathes out, feeling a wave of relief over him. "Dream?"

"Ask me a question."

"What's my favourite colour?"

"Blue," Dream nods, confident in that. "Ask me another."

"How did we meet?"

Dream wheezes, rolling his eyes. Okay. He remembers. "You climbed on the gas station roof and fell in love with me," he answers, turning to move back to the living room. "I think I'm good now. Sorry. I didn't expect that to happen, like, right after I woke up," he frowns, opening the door. George stumbles forwards, right into his arms. "Oh. Hey."

"Hi," George sighs. "I didn't think you'd open the door that fast."

"Nerd."

"Shut up," George laughs, but he isn't moving away from him. "We need to figure out a way to stop this shit, Dream," he mumbles. "I can't do it anymore, and I don't think you can, either."

"Yeah," Dream agrees, sighing. "I'll ask Wilbur. He said he took care of Phil and watched him for the most part. I'm sorry I'm doing this to you."

"It's okay," George flicks his chin, grinning. "Not like it's your fault. But it's..hard, you know?"

Dream nods, letting George move away from him. "Yeah. I know. I'll talk to Wilbur today, ask him about what the fuck I can do to knock this shit off," he sighs, glancing towards the bunker door. "I don't really remember going foggy that time," Dream tells him. "Like, I just remembered talking to you, and then I was in there. I don't remember the grace period before it." George frowns.

"Huh," he glances down at his feet, frowning even more. "Maybe that's..good?"

"Maybe," Dream agrees. "I don't..I don't know. I've never had that happen to me before."

"You remembered really fast, too," George beams. "It only took you a couple of minutes. Opposed to the hours, days, and week last time took. I think, um..I don't want to jinx it, but I think you're getting better, Dream."

Dream grins at his boyfriend, feeling his heart beat a little faster. "Yeah? I think so too."

"Somehow, this is your fault."

"My fault?" Tommy scoffs, throws his hands into the air. "You're fucking ridiculous, Dream. How the hell could it even be *my* fault? I don't even spend time with you, let alone fuck with your mind, you stupid little s-"

Wilbur sighs, his disappointment audible through it. "Tommy," Dream grins at how Tommy *doesn't*, his eyes narrowing at him. "Go bother Techno. I need to talk to Dream. Alone."

"What?" He scowls, crossing his arms. "Why's it that I never get to be involved in these little

discussions, Will? What's with that?"

"Tommy."

"*Fine*," Tommy scoffs again, dragging himself off. "Fucking hell." But he does end up disappearing, his shuffling sounds fading the further he goes.

"Okay," Wilbur points a finger at him, eyes narrowed. "Dream. What the *hell*? How are you.." Dream wheezes, shrugging. "Okay. Phil went insane *fast*," Wilbur shakes his head. "He went foggy very quickly. He tried breaking through it, but it never worked. How are you able to completely remember, forget everything, and then remember everything again? What the hell? Tell me what's been happening."

Dream nods, tapping his foot against the ground. "Every time I go foggy, I remember *one* thing. And that's that I'm in love with George. Which is cheesy and stupid, but seriously. That's it. I've been writing myself a lot of notes, drawings, lists. The more I go foggy, the more notes I write for myself," he explains. "I've been trying to figure out a way to fucking..stop going foggy. Seriously, it's..it's getting to be too much. I hate it, Wilbur. I hate waking up and being terrified and not knowing where or who I am." Wilbur nods back at him, reaching out to squeeze his shoulder. The touch is comforting.

"I know," Wilbur smiles gently at him. "It'll be alright. I'm not sure how to stop it, but I can try to figure it out. He's not affected by it at all?"

"No," Dream shakes his head. "No. He doesn't go foggy. I highly doubt he ever will, Wilbur. He's a human. He's never been bit once. I was. That's why it's happening to me."

Wilbur nods, sliding his guitar over his shoulder. "Alright. Have you heard "Internet Ruined me"?" He asks, grinning. Dream shakes his head, anticipation sinking into his chest. He likes the way Wilbur sings, he has a nice voice. And he's shockingly good at playing the guitar for someone who's fucking dead. "My keyboard's like my heart, it shines in RGB and it's full of blood," he beams at Dream, strumming quietly. "I don't know what is wrong with me, but I'm scared, pissed off and lonely. I have trouble speaking to women unless they're 2D or high definition. Spend all my time on social media, this is the state that I'm in."

"Are you..is this a song about simping?" Wilbur laughs, rolling his eyes.

"Would you stop interrupting me, Dream? This used to be my life's work, you know. Memorise everything she says, so I can use it to guess her passcode."

"Wilbur!"

"What?" Dream wheezes, crossing his arms. "You're not into that?"

"Oh my god," he rolls his eyes, holding his head in his hand. "You *stalker*. Please tell me these were joke songs."

Wilbur grins, giving him a half-hearted shrug. "Maybe. Maybe not. *Anyways*, look, I know I must sound insane; but that's part of the package."

"Okay, *stop*," Dream laughs, flipping him off. "You're a fucking creep, Wilbur. Did you ever get any girls with that?" Wilbur laughs again, ducking his head.

"Yeah. I did," he confirms, eyes lighting up. "Okay. Okay, I'll be done. We didn't even get to the best part. But I'll sing that to you later. Do you think you'll be able to go back on your own, or do

you want me to come with? Just in case it happens again."

"I think I can go alone," Dream smiles. "Thank you though. Seriously, thank you. You've helped a lot. I know you don't really have a lot of intel on the fog, but still." Wilbur shrugs at him, smiling.

"No problem, Dream. Oh, by the way," Wilbur sighs, standing up. "Tommy found his best friend in the city. His name is Tubbo. And I've got great news for you, Dream," he places a hand on Dream's shoulder, gesturing towards the middle of the city. "He's alive."

love to feel the fresh air

Dream still can't believe it.

He still can't believe that there's another person who's alive, another person who's around. He went back to the bunker as fast as he could, grabbing George and Sapnap and racing back into the city, his heart screaming at him the entire time. He doesn't even pay attention to the zombies around him, sprinting past them, his hand gripped tightly on George's wrist, Sapnap sprinting right by his side. He follows the pathway Wilbur told him about, using the back alleys of the city. Dream doesn't stop running, doesn't stop going. Not until he spots the supermarket Wilbur told him about. Not until he hears a faint, human hum. "You hear that too, right?" He asks George, eyes huge.

"Yeah," George gasps, doubling over, grabbing at his chest. "We could've taken a break."

"No," Dream disagrees, staring at the open doors, his legs shaking. He has to be in there. That's where Wilbur said he was. "We couldn't have. We have to..come on," he takes George's hand, slowing himself down to a walking pace, his body trembling. He stands in the entrance, Sapnap directly in front of him. Dream clears his throat, breathing in. "Tubbo?" He asks, voice ringing out in the empty supermarket. Everything is..it's too organised. The shelves are stacked up, there are groceries stocked perfectly on them. The aisles are clear of anything. "Tubbo?" Dream tries again, his stomach doing backflips. He has a weird, *bad* feeling about the silence.

"Hello!" Dream stumbles back, hearing George shout, grabbing his arm. He stares at the boy in front of him, steadying himself. "Sorry," Tubbo ducks his head, looking sheepish. "I didn't mean to scare you. It's just," he laughs, eyes lighting up. "It's been a really long time, hasn't it? I kinda figured I was the only one around."

"So did we," George shifts closer to Dream. "How are you even still alive?" George asks. Dream shoots him a glare, narrowing his eyes. "What? It's a *question*, Dream. You know that he should be dead, too. All of us should be. But we live in a bunker. How the hell did you manage to survive here? On the *ground*? In a *supermarket*?"

Tubbo beams at him, shrugging. "Well, they don't really bother me much," he smiles. "Um, the zombies. They don't really come around here that much anymore. They like to stop in and say hi, like Tommy! He said that you knew him and his older brothers?" Tubbo tilts his head a little, frowning. "He won't tell me what happened to Phil, though. I'm guessing that he went insane, too?" Tubbo looks sad, his shoulders slouching. "Is that what happened? Oh, I'm sorry. What're your names?"

"I..I'm Dream," he introduces himself, gesturing over to George. "That's George. This is Sapnap," he points to the husky at his feet. "Did you get bit, too?" Tubbo frowns at him. "I can understand them. The zombies. I can talk to them, they can talk to me. They won't hurt me anymore. At least, the city zombies won't. How.."

"Phil went foggy," George interrupts. "Techno and Wilbur asked Dream to put him out of his misery."

"Oh," Tubbo nods, looking a little sadder. "Okay. That's what I thought. And no, I didn't. I just can talk to them, and they talk back. They're really not all that bad, you know?" He grins. "Tommy said that you'd probably have a lot of questions," Tubbo sighs, glancing behind him. "Which is okay. I just haven't been around people who aren't dead in a while, you know? It's nice to meet you three, though! Oh, is your dog.." he crouches down, holding out a hand. Sapnap doesn't even sniff at it,

just moving in to lick Tubbo's face. "He's nice," Tubbo laughs. "But he's not really a dog, right? I had the same thing happen to one of my friends. Or someone I knew, I guess."

Dream frowns. "What? How did you.." he shakes his head, the fog pressing at the forefront of his mind. "I have a question. It's really, really important, Tubbo. I..I keep forgetting things, I keep going foggy. That's what happened to Phil. But I end up remembering, but then I forget, and then I remember again, and..it's driving us crazy," Dream shakes his head again. "Do you know anything about that?" Tubbo's face lights up, grinning like he just got the best thing in the entire world.

"That's what you call it? Going foggy? Huh," Tubbo leans back on his heels, going quiet for a second. "Well, I know what's wrong with you. It'll go away on its own. You just need to stop fighting it, Dream. The more you fight it, the worse it gets. Eventually, you'll just..stop remembering," Tubbo shakes his head. "It happened to me. I was really scared, but I was also alone, so I guess I didn't really have a reason to try to fight it. You'll forget one day, you'll be scared, and then you just have to stay in one area and relax. Do you write to yourself?"

"Yeah."

"Take the notes down," he waves a hand. "Don't spend any time with anyone else, either. You have to do it on your own. I'm pretty sure," Tubbo smiles. "I made Tommy go away for a little bit. Wilbur sung something to me on accident. He didn't really know I was alive, I kind of blend in. He's got.." he pauses, tapping his finger against his chin. "A really nice voice. But he's also one of those zombies with really bad drawbacks. To us, at least. He doesn't even realise it. Has he sung to you?"

Dream blinks. "Yeah. Twice. He's the one.." Tubbo nods.

"It's not his fault, he doesn't know. You said you got bit, right?" Dream nods. "That's probably why you keep forgetting and remembering. Well, it's Wilbur's fault. Technically it's his fault. It's his singing, it makes you forget things. It kind of makes you focus in on one memory or feeling. At least, that's what happened with me. All I really knew is that I missed my best friend. Um, so yeah!" Tubbo beams. "Just..next time you forget, have George lock you in your room or something. You'll freak out really bad, you might cry and breathe too hard too fast, but it'll work. It'll be really scary for a couple of hours, but it'll be okay. Promise."

"How..how are you still alive? How are you still here?" Tubbo smiles, shrugging.

"They don't really bother me much. I'm friends with a few of them! Like Tommy! He's my best friend. I didn't know that he had turned until he wandered on in here. I've always been able to understand them," Tubbo pauses, looking a little nervous. "Um. I've always been able to understand things I shouldn't. Like, animals and stuff, you know? Like your dog, Sapnap!" Tubbo beams. "If he started to bark or something, I'd know what he meant. I can't do it with everything, but for the most part I can. Especially with bees!" He grins, eyes twinkling. "I love bees," Tubbo laughs, swaying a little. "But there's not very many of them anymore, since it's winter now."

Dream..isn't sure how the hell he's supposed to respond to that. Tubbo's clearly got a grip on reality. He's obviously different. "Is this where you live?"

"Mhm," he nods. "Yep! It's easy to keep track of. I don't really go that many places anymore. I like it here, it's nice," Tubbo smiles, gesturing around to the completely clean supermarket. "You guys live in a bunker? How far is that from here?"

"About thirty minutes," George shrugs. "Give or take. It's safer there. But I guess you don't really need protection."

"Not really," Tubbo grins. "They're really not all that bad, the zombies. Most of them are still people. But I've never been outside of the city, so I don't know if that's..the same? Are the ones outside of the city not like the ones it it? Or are they all the same?"

"The ones outside of the city are different," Dream tells him. "They're feral. I can barely understand them, and they won't talk to me, either. They went foggy a long time ago."

Tubbo frowns, nodding. "Huh. I wonder if I could talk to them," his eyes light up. "Maybe I'll come with you guys! Just to see if they're fully lost," Sapnap barks, thumping his tail against the ground. Tubbo giggles, rolling his eyes. "He says that he loves you both," he smiles. "And that he prefers different treats over the ones you get him." Dream wheezes, grinning when George bursts out laughing next to him.

"He's such a picky little shit," Dream rolls his eyes, smiling at his best friend. "I'm going to tell Wilbur. It *sucks*, because I know he loves to sing.." Dream sighs. "Did..is that why Phil went foggy? Is that what happened to him?" Tubbo blinks, opening his mouth, closing it again.

"I..I never thought about that. Don't tell him," Tubbo shakes his head. "Don't tell him. Just tell him it only happens to people, that his singing can't hurt zombies. But.." Tubbo frowns again, looking completely serious for the first time. "But he could hurt Tommy or Techno. I don't want my best friend to forget me," he sighs, closing his eyes. "Maybe you have to tell him. But don't tell him that it happened to Phil. Just tell him it happened..I don't know," Tubbo pushes his hair back, looking mildly distressed. "I don't.."

"It's alright," Dream smiles, placing his hands on the kid's shoulders. "I won't tell him about Phil. I'll tell Tommy and Techno about it, and they can talk to him from there. Come with us, alright? It's a lot nicer in the bunker." Tubbo laughs, tilting his head to the side.

"I'll *visit*, but I'm not gonna *stay*," he smiles. "I like it here. This is my home," he gestures around, arms spread out. "Plus, Tommy comes to visit me all the time. It'd make him sad if he had to walk thirty minutes to go and find me. They're always in a lot of pain, you know?" Tubbo sighs. "Especially the newer ones. They don't know how to deal with it as well."

"Newer ones?" George frowns. "There are no people to make more zombies."

"Well," Tubbo shrugs, "yeah. But sometimes they, like, reset? A zombie'll die, and then they come back as a human, and then they get bit pretty quickly. I don't know how it works, but it's kind of weird. You guys really don't come around here very much, huh?" He grins, reaching for a backpack on one of the shelves. "It's nice in the city. Mostly quiet, lately. I'm not really sure why it's super quiet, but I think a lot of the zombies are going somewhere. They haven't showed up here in a couple of days. Maybe they're holed up somewhere, like in one of those big apartment complexes," Tubbo frowns. "They're all really smart, but I..I've got no clue what they're doing, now."

Dream frowns, the idea of a hoard suddenly swarming them, suddenly swarming *George*..it makes him sick. "I'll check in on that tomorrow. Come on," he reaches out to George, who smiles at him, taking his hand. Sapnap barks, wagging his tail at his feet. At least he's happy about something. "Did Tommy never tell you about me? About us?" He gestures to George with his other hand. "That's kind of, like, important? Three people alive? You'd think he'd mention it." Tubbo laughs, shrugging as he trails behind them.

"He spaces out sometimes. To be fair, he only recently found me. It wasn't like I was hiding, but it's..it was still weird, kind of. They don't really scare me, but at first they did. But I mean," Tubbo shrugs. "I've always been able to do things that I probably shouldn't be able to," he smiles. "Like

talk to animals, sometimes ghosts. It's a little weird to me sometimes, but I've gotten used to it."

"I mean.." George blinks. "I guess I'm not all that surprised. It's a fucking zombie apocalypse, anything might as well happen from here. So you like bees, Tubbo?"

"I love bees!" Tubbo's face lights up, his mouth splitting into a grin. "It sounds stupid, but they're really helpful! They always help me find things. So do the birds! But..a lot of the animals I talk to are gone now," he sighs. "Since it's winter and all that. I know they'll come back, but it's been kind of lonely. Thank god Tommy finally found me," Tubbo sighs, but he's smiling. "There's a little group of feral cats that like to come by here. A couple stray dogs every now and then. But for the most part, I just talk to the bees and the birds. It's nice. There's a couple of other people who come to visit me. One's name is Skeppy, another is Mega. Mega doesn't talk, but Skeppy does. He talks a lot about a friend of his and how he misses him. He kind of wonders if he's still out there, somewhere."

"What was his friend's name?" Dream asks. He's never met Skeppy or Mega before. He thinks that he might've heard Skeppy's name at least once, since it sounds familiar.

"Bad," Tubbo tells him. "I haven't met a zombie named Bad yet, so I don't know if he's even in this city."

George stops walking, gripping Dream's hand harder. "I killed him," he murmurs. "He was the man who built the bunker. He turned and I..I had to kill him. I didn't know, I never thought-"

"It's okay," Dream murmurs back at him, looping an arm around his shoulders. "You didn't know. He was trying to kill you, George. It's not like you were going to let him kill you. He was probably too far gone. He wasn't in the city when he turned. He probably had already gone foggy. It's not like you knew, George," Dream leans in, cupping his face with his other hand. "It's okay. You can't feel bad about that. You can't. He was a zombie, and it was either you or him."

"Yeah," George mumbles. "I guess, yeah."

"I *know*," Tubbo clears his throat from behind them. "Um, I'll tell Skeppy about it. I don't think he'll be mad. He'll just be sad, I think. Or maybe..do you not want me to?" He offers. "I don't want to say anything about it if it might be dangerous to you. Do you still have his body?"

"It's in front of the bunker," George closes his eyes. "I marked it with a..a stupid rock. It's not like he's going to come back-"

Tubbo laughs, pushing past both of them. "You've got so little faith in me," he beams. "And Phil? I can probably make him come back, too."

"What?" Dream blinks, the air rushing out of his lungs. "*What?* You can make them come back?"

"Not..exactly?" Tubbo frowns. "Not like, humans. But I can make them come back as zombies! And you and I know how to talk to them," he shoots a sheepish look over at George. "I didn't even think about doing that to Phil," he admits. "But I can definitely do that! Bad might be a little surprised once I wake him back up," he sighs. "So maybe you should..stay in the bunker? It might be safer that way. I'm not sure. I haven't done it in a while, I don't want to hurt either of you."

Dream goes quiet, his heart plummeting to his chest, skyrocketing back up. "Can you do the same thing with animals?" Tubbo glances over at Sapnap, and Dream shakes his head. "Not with him. With my cat. Her name was..her name was Patches. I miss her." Tubbo nods, beaming at him.

"I can! I've done it before. I'm sorry," he frowns at Sapnap. "I don't know how to bring you back. I

could try, but I don't think it'd work. I'm sorry."

"*Okay.*" Sapnap barks, his ears perking up.

"Alright," Dream laughs. He's fairly certain he's going into shock, but whatever. "Well. Let's go home and dig up a body."

it's like you've never even met me before

Chapter Notes

we're back to piss vision's pov!

George is terrified.

Maybe terrified is an understatement for what he's feeling. He's so fucking scared. He's terrified, he feels sick to his stomach. He's already vomited once today, and that was just *thinking* about it. He knows that Dream trusts Tubbo, but he doesn't. He really, really doesn't. George doesn't know why he's so suspicious, so paranoid, but..suddenly there's another human alive? One with fucking..*magic*? Whatever the fuck it is, it's not natural. Sure, zombies aren't natural either, but..Tubbo is different. He's so, so different. And telling Dream to stop fighting the fog? To just let it happen? That's just fucking ridiculous.

At the same time, though, George doesn't know what else to do. Tubbo understood Sapnap. He's able to talk to the zombies like Dream is. And if Dream trusts him, then maybe..maybe he should, too. Yeah, he decides, that's *not* happening. One of them has to be skeptical about this entire thing, and it might as well be him. Dream's always been too trusting, too accepting. George has to be the opposite, it's just..it's just how they have to work. It doesn't help that his stupid boyfriend is a big dumb softie. It doesn't help that he's already acting like Tubbo's their little brother.

Or adopted son.

George blinks, shaking his head from his thoughts. What the *fuck*. He doesn't even like Tubbo, doesn't even trust him. George doesn't even want to *think* about "adopting" Tubbo. George sighs, his head hurting. He wonders if this is how Dream feels, with his head. Or if it's worse. "Dream," George calls out, hearing a door open. "We should talk."

"Wha..what?" *Fuck*, it's happened. George stands up, grabbing the metal water bottle he has. His hands are shaking. He's never been able to hurt Dream. He's never been able to.."*George*. What're you doing?" George breathes out. Thank god. It's hasn't happened yet. "*George*?"

"Sorry," he clears his throat. "I thought you..went foggy."

Dream wheezes, moving in front of him. "What, so you were gonna hit me over the head with a *water bottle*?" Dream grins, taking the thing from him. "You're ridiculous. You could've just told me to go to my room, and all I'd have said would've been, "yes, dad", without hesitation-"

"Dream!" George swats at his boyfriend, but he can't help the laughter that bubbles out of his chest. "Stop! Stop it, oh my god. You're so stupid. You are *such* an idiot," he laughs, rolling his eyes, grabbing the water bottle back. "You *suck*. Oh my god. Before it..before it happens," George clears his throat again, holding out his hand. Dream takes it, which he's glad of. "I love you. I love you so much, Dream. I'm so sorry that this has to happen." Dream smiles at him, tilting his head a bit.

"Don't worry about it, George. I love you, too. And it'll all work out, alright? I just have to go in my room and chill for a little, that's all."

"Yeah," George agrees, his heart sinking. "Yeah. I'll lock it."

"Alright," Dream sighs. "This is gonna be annoying. What if I have to piss?" George stares at him, completely unimpressed. "It's a serious question, George!" Dream wheezes, his eyes lighting up.

"Piss on the ground, you fucker," George tries his best to hide the smile on his face, crossing his arms. "You're ridiculous," he sighs, ducking his head. "You have your own water bottle in there, right? With water," Dream nods. "And food," Dream nods again. "Okay," he sighs again. "Are you ready?" Another nod. He stands up, watching Dream do the same. "Sapnap!" George shouts, watching the husky skid into the room, tongue half-hanging out. "Say bye to Dream. He'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Bye!" Sapnap barks, tail drooping. "Love."

Dream grins so hard it makes George's heart hurt. "I love you too, Sapnap," he crouches down, ruffling the dog's ears. "I love you too," Dream sighs, stands back up. "Alright. Yeah. I'm ready. I don't want to be ready, but I'm ready," George nods, holding out his arms for a hug. Dream gets the hint, because of course he does. "I'll be okay. Alright? I promise. I promise I'll be fine. Just give me a couple of hours alone in there, I'll come out with no memory problems again," he murmurs. Even if George knows that he can't promise that, it makes him feel better. "I love you."

"I love you too, Dream," George whispers. He's never been emotional. He's never really had much of a reason to cry recently, so he doesn't. It just..it wasn't really the way he was raised, so he never really does. But he can feel himself slip now, his eyes watering as he clutches Dream closer to him. What if it doesn't work? What if Dream just..doesn't remember? What if he goes foggy? What if he forgets that he's human still? What if he turns? *What if.* "Please be safe."

"I will be," Dream assures him. "Promise. Tubbo's outside right now, why don't you show him where you buried Bad? Maybe let him take you to the city with Sapnap. I know it isn't the same, but it'll get you out of here. And I'm sure I'll be..loud," he sighs. "It'll be okay, Georgie."

George nods, pulling himself back from Dream's grip. "Okay. You better be alright, or else I'm gonna beat you to death." Dream wheezes, ducking his head.

"Okay, George," George follows him back to his room, closing the door as soon as Dream sits on his bed. "I love you."

"I love you too," he smiles, locking it. And you have no weapons on you, right?"

"Nope! All clean here."

"Alright. Bye, Dream."

"Bye, George."

George turns away from the door, clenching his hands into fists. He wants to unlock it. He wants to unlock it. He wants to unlock the door *so much*, but he knows he can't. George breathes out, closing his eyes. "Come on," he pats the side of his leg, smiling down at Sapnap. "Let's go," he unlocks the bunker, the husky trailing at his heels. As soon as he's outside, he spots Tubbo, crouched in the snow. "Tubbo?" Tubbo perks up at his name, turning to beam at George.

"Hi!" He waves, motion for George to come over. "Sorry, I was just.." he gestures down to a rabbit, one that's sitting in his hand. "Talking to him. Are you ready to dig up Bad?" He asks, gently pushing the rabbit off of his hand. "Go on, buddy." The rabbit flicks its ears, nose twitching a little. It bounces off after it bumps Tubbo's hand, disappearing off in the snow.

"I'm ready, yeah. I locked Dream in his room already," Tubbo nods, standing up, brushing the snow off of his legs. "He's just over here," George starts to walk, keeping an eye out for the stone he set on Bad's grave. It's just a pitch black piece of rock, one that looks like charcoal. "There," he clears his throat, standing directly in front of the grave. "He's under here. It's been a little over a year and a half, Tubbo," George frowns. "He'd have rotted by now."

"No," Tubbo disagrees. "He'll be okay. Even if he's a little bit gone, I can make him come back. And maybe make some of his skin and stuff come back," he beams, looking too happy for this. George looks away, grabbing the shovel he had set out last night, tossing the other one to Tubbo. He fumbles, barely managing to catch it. "Oh, thank you! Are you gonna help?" Sapnap barks, tail thumping against the ground. "Oh, it is *not* that cold," Tubbo laughs. "You're furry! You're meant for this kind of weather, aren't you?" Another bark. "Whatever, Sapnap."

George clears his throat, slamming the shovel down into the ground. "What..does he say a lot?"

"Every time he barks," Tubbo tells him. "He mostly talks about you guys and how annoyed he is about where he is," he smiles. "He's not all that into being a dog. He misses being a human," Tubbo hits his shovel against the ground, pulling back a load of dirt. "It kind of sucks that it's winter, you know? It makes the ground hard. I don't mind it, but I miss the animals that came to visit me. And the cold kind of sucks."

"Yeah," George agrees. "So you went foggy."

"Mhm," Tubbo sighs. "It, um, it wasn't great. I knew a lot of what Dream was saying. He always remembered you, right?" He smiles. "I always remembered Tommy. Or at least, the feeling. All I really knew is that I missed my best friend. He loves you a lot, I wouldn't be surprised if he remembered that he loved you." George feels himself flush, looking away from Tubbo.

"He did. That was what he remembered," he murmurs. "Yeah. How long did it take you to remember?"

"A couple of hours, maybe?" He offers. "I don't remember a lot of it. It was mostly just me crying and kind of freaking out, I guess," Tubbo mutters. "It sucked. But it worked out in the end. I've gone foggy a couple of times, I guess. Before the apocalypse, not after. Though I've only gone foggy once after people started to die a lot. I just locked myself in my room when it happened and let it run its course. It just hurts a little. Makes you a little panicky, you know? He'll be okay, George," Tubbo smiles at him, gently touching his arm. "He's strong. Mentally. He'll be alright. I wouldn't be worried."

George breathes out, nodding. "Yeah. I hope so," he hovers before he hits the ground again, throwing the dirt behind him. "Oh. He's here."

"Alright!" Tubbo crouches down, reaching out. "He's still mostly here," he tells him, beaming. "Don't worry, he probably remembers you. And even if he doesn't, I'll be here."

"Have you even ever killed one of them before?"

"Yeah," Tubbo's voice drops. "I have," George blinks, taking a couple of steps back. He's not afraid of Tubbo - he could push him over without much force, but *still*. "But," Tubbo clears his throat, his voice going back to that light, airy, bubbly pitch. "It'll be alright! Here," he reaches down, placing his hands on Bad's chest. George curls his lip at the stench, the smell of rot filling his lungs. He gags, turning away from the body. "Okay, Bad. Can you wake up for me? There you are!" George glances back, eyes widening at the sight of..Bad sitting up. His eyes aren't glazed over, his mouth quirking into a frown. "Hi! My name is Tubbo, that's George, and that's Sapnap!"

He gestures to them all. "Are you alright?"

Bad clears his throat, blinking. "What?" George frowns. He heard that. He stares at Tubbo, eyebrows furrowing.

"You can hear him?" Tubbo asks. George nods, not really sure what the hell to say. "Huh. Well, he's still a zombie. I don't..huh. Well, anyways. Hi, Bad. That's your name, right?"

"Yeah?" Bad offers. "Why am I..why am I in a hole? In the ground? Where am I? What happened?"

"Zombie apocalypse," George mutters. "Zombie apocalypse. Everyone, for the most part, is dead."

"Oh," Bad sighs. "That's..that sucks. George?" He blinks at him, eyes scanning him. There isn't any light in them. "I know you, right? You were..this is my bunker!" Bad laughs, gesturing up at the door. "It's my bunker. I made this. Right? Right," he nods. "Huh. It's kind of cold," Bad frowns. "Can you help me up?"

"Of course!" Tubbo reaches out, taking Bad's hand. "Careful, you just woke up. How do you feel? How much do you remember from before?"

"I got stabbed?" Bad offers. "Um. I got stabbed. You stabbed me," Bad giggles, raising an eyebrow at George. "I remember making the bunker. I remember my best friend, Skeppy. I remember letting you in," he adds. "And then I..I don't know. I guess I was dead from that point, huh?" George nods, watching him move. He's still acting like a human. Is this what..is this what it's like to talk to them? He sounds like a person. Is he actually talking? Is he going insane? What the *fuck*. "Okay. That's fine. Do you..is Skeppy a zombie?"

Tubbo nods. "He asks about you a lot. He misses you. He lives in the city," he gestures over towards it, the towering buildings barely visible. "Let's go visit him, alright?" Bad grins, pure joy on his face.

"I'd love that," he grins. "Okay, bye George, bye Sapnap," he waves, shuffling off with Tubbo. "So, tell me about..."

George watches them disappear, throwing the shovel down. "Sapnap. I'm going to go somewhere. Go inside," he moves, punching in the code. The door swings open. Sapnap sighs, but he abides, tail drooping. George closes the door behind him, swallowing. He starts to walk, making his way to the trail Dream took him on. He wishes that he had Dream's hoodie. He wishes that he had Dream. George keeps walking, brushing past the trees and shrubs, hearing the snow crunch under his feet. He sees the clearing up ahead, staring at the ocean. It's half-frozen over, some of the ice caved in, already melting. It's probably not going to be long before winter's over, George decides. "Hi," he tells the ocean, crouching down in front of it, staring off into the blue. He can see it fairly easily. "My name is George. I don't really know why I'm talking to you. You're a fucking *ocean*," he laughs. "My boyfriend is currently forgetting me and everything else. Alone. And I can't even be there for him, because some *child* told us that he had to do it on his own. I'm scared. I'm really, really scared," George murmurs. "I'm terrified. I'm scared that I'm going to come back and he's going to..he's going to be gone. For good. That he'll turn. I don't know," he admits. "I'm scared. I think he'll be okay. But I'm scared. I'm really fucking nervous,"

"I don't know. That's probably stupid, isn't it? I'm probably stupid. I'm talking to a fucking body of water, of course I'm stupid. I don't know. It feels nice to talk to something that can't talk back. That doesn't and can't form opinions. I..," George closes his eyes, the waves gently lapping against the sand and snow. "I love him. A lot. Like, more than I've loved anyone else. I just want him to be

okay. I don't know," he shakes his head, sighing. "Maybe I'm ju-"

"Who are you talkin' to?" George whips his head around, the voice sounding familiar. His eyes land on..Techno.

"I can understand you."

Techno blinks at him, frowning. "That's new. Probably shouldn't happen, but whatever," Techno moves over, sitting next to him, pulling his knees up to his chest. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"About Wilbur," Techno sighs. "He didn't know. None of us did. But I'm still sorry. I know it hurts. I don't know how you're even managin' to understand me right now, but whatever," Techno looks up, staring at the sunrise. "It's nice to talk to you, George. Seriously. It gets lonely sometimes. I love Wilbur and Tommy, but I miss..I miss Phil. And I know Dream talked about how Tubbo could help, but if he can't, and I get my hopes up for nothin'.." he trails off. "I don't know. I'm worried."

"So am I," George tells him, bringing his knees up to his chest. "I'm scared. I'm so scared. I don't want Dream to turn. I don't want him to forget. I know he trusts Tubbo, but he's always been so stupid and trusting and.." he sighs, ducking his head. "I feel like I have to be suspicious for us. I don't want Tubbo to hurt him, even if he's just a kid who is literally way too powerful for his own good. I'm scared."

Techno nods, reaching out, touching his shoulder. His hand is warm. "I know. I'm sorry. But Dream's strong, isn't he? He's a fighter. Nerd couldn't die even if he was tryin' to. He'll be okay. He always will be."

George smiles, closing his eyes, letting himself be comforted by the touch. "Yeah. Thanks, Techno."

"No problem, George."

They sit there in silence until the sun rises, and George isn't quite as scared.

ain't it funny how i got it here and it don't seem right?

Chapter Summary

i am so so sorry for clarification

George isn't really sure where he is anymore.

He knows that he's in the city, but that's about it. He's not that sure how he got there, why he went there. George isn't really sure who he is anymore. He hasn't been sure for quite awhile now, actually. He knows his name is George and that he's still alive and not dead like everyone else. He knows that he's the only person left alive. He knows he can talk to zombies. He knows that. But he feels like he's missing something, like he's..forgetting something. His head hurts. His head *always* hurts. It's been hurting for a long time now. He's not really sure why. He's not all that sure about most things anymore, but that's okay. The dead don't bother him anymore, so he doesn't have to worry about that. George wonders why they don't. He knows that he's alive - he isn't one of them. He's still got a beating heart, his blood still flows. He's still able to think. To be fair, he thinks, they can think, too. Not as much as he can, but they still can manage. He's talked to a few of them, but he never really cared all that much on what they had to say.

Zombies aren't that smart, George thinks. They talk about a lot of things, like memories and past experiences, but none of them can help him. None of them have been able to help him remember. He's not sure what he needs to remember, but he knows that there's *something*. There's *something* he forgot, and he isn't quite sure what it is. Maybe it had been a person, or maybe he left something somewhere. George doesn't know. He *wants* to know, but it's hard to. It's hard to think, sometimes. It's hard to do a lot of things, actually. It hurts to move, it hurts to think too much. He hurts a lot. Especially his head. George doesn't know why, and he wishes it would go away, but he supposes that isn't going to happen anytime soon. He wanders through the city, walking past the shuffling bodies, some of which occasionally say hi, or wave, or smile. He doesn't return the gestures - he doesn't need to. He doesn't *want* to. They're just dead bodies walking around, it's not like they can feel anything anyways.

George walks, his feet sore against the ground. He can't remember the last time he sat down. He can't remember the last time he stopped walking. He can't remember why he started to walk. Maybe he was going somewhere. Maybe he was getting away from something. Or someone. But he doesn't know why he'd run from *someone*. He's the last person alive here, he's the only one who isn't dead. George is alone, he doesn't have another person to be afraid of. The dead stopped bothering him a long time ago. Has it been a long time? He isn't sure. He doesn't really know. He doesn't really know a lot of things, and he doesn't like not knowing. Georges wishes his head would stop hurting. He wishes a lot of things, but he wishes that the most. That his head would stop hurting, that it'd stop fogging up. He's not sure why it does that. Sometimes it stops hurting for a second and he sees old memories, and then it comes back, worse than ever.

Which is..alright, he thinks. They're just memories. It's not like anyone else is alive anyways. He's the last one around, he can't just go find the people who those memories were made with. He wants to, admittedly. He does want to find the man that keeps showing up in his memories, but he knows that he can't. It's a big city, and George hasn't seen his face at all. He can feel himself smile a little, chest warming at the thought of the man. George has heard the man laugh and smile and talk,

and..it's nice. He isn't sure who he is, but he wants to find him. Maybe he will. Maybe he'll get lucky and be able to find the man in his memories. But he doubts it. He's probably long gone by now, dead somewhere. Buried, maybe. George isn't sure. The clearest memory he's retained is kissing that man. Maybe they were in love. Maybe they were together.

He isn't sure.

He wishes he could be sure.

George wishes for a lot of things. He wishes that he knew more about himself. He wishes he knew the man and where he is. He wishes that he was different. He wishes his head would stop hurting. George isn't really sure that any of those things are going to happen, but he wishes that they would. He wants to remember, he wants to find the man, he wants his head to stop hurting. Maybe it's not wishing anymore, maybe it's just wanting. Either way, he thinks, it isn't going to happen. If it was, it would've fixed itself by now, but it hasn't. So George stops wishing. He stops hoping, stops wanting. Things would've worked out if it was meant to be, and they haven't. So, clearly, it wasn't meant to happen. Which *sucks*, but it's not like he can change it.

He sighs, brushing past a zombie with pink hair. He doesn't know his name. He feels the zombie grab his arm, claws digging into his shoulder. George reaches for his gun on his hip, panic bubbling into his chest when he realises he doesn't have it. "George," the zombie stares at him, eyes huge. "Oh my god. I finally fuckin' found you. What the hell? Why are you here?" George stares back at him, reaching down for the knife in his belt.

"Who are you?" George narrows his eyes, heart leaping into his throat. "How do you know my name?"

"What?" The zombie frowns, mouth slightly agape. "What the hell.." he shakes his head. "My name is Techno. I have two younger brothers, Wilbur and Tommy. Tommy is best friends with Tubbo. You've *met* Tubbo before, George, what are you.." Techno takes a step back, his eyes watering. Can zombies cry? George doesn't know. "Dream. Dream and Sapnap. Do you..you remember them at least, right? Dream's like, the most important person in your entire life, dude. You're in love with him. And Sapnap's your best friend, or one of your closest ones, I don't know which.." Techno trails off. "I..you can't go foggy. You're not a zombie. You're a human, George. You can't.." Techno reaches out, grabbing George's hand. He feels cool fingers on his wrist, pressing down a little too hard. "What the *fuck*?"

George takes a step back, a loss for words gripping him. The names sound familiar. Techno *looks* familiar. "I don't know you. I don't remember you or anyone else you mentioned," he shakes his head. "I don't know you. Dream? What..does he have blonde hair?"

"Yeah," Techno's voice breaks. "Yeah. He does. And he's in love with you, and you two are stupidly in love and it's *gross*, but I.." he closes his eyes. "He's terrified, George. You just left him one day, and you left without sayin' anythin', you left him *alone*, and.." Techno sighs. "Come on. We're goin' to go see Tubbo."

"Why the hell do you think you can just t-"

He feels a fist connect to his head, his entire world spinning for a second. Then there's nothing.

"He looks so bad."

"He's okay. He's just tired. I'm not sure what's wrong, or what happened, but..he's alright."

"He forgot *everything*, Tubbo. He forgot me!"

"You forgot him too, Dream. But I know what you mean. I'm so sorry. I'm glad I stayed there to make sure nothing happened."

"Me too," George blinks, his head spinning. "He's up. George?" The man, Dream, asks, his voice wavering. He tries to sit up, annoyed when his head starts to spin even more than it had been a few moments ago. "George? Are you okay?"

George holds up a finger, closing his eyes. His head hurts. The voices sound familiar, especially Dream's. "I'm..who are you?" He opens an eye, staring at the man with blonde hair. "You're Dream," he murmurs. "I don't know you." He stares at the boy with brown hair, one who looks significantly younger than Dream.

"I'm Tubbo," Tubbo smiles at him, a little too friendly. "What's the last thing you remember, George?"

"I don't know," he scoffs. "Talking to Techno."

"Before you found him."

"Kissing him," George mutters. "Kissing Dream. We were in love, apparently."

Dream smiles at him, but it's filled with sadness and agony. "We were, yeah," he agrees. "That's Wilbur, Tommy, and Phil," he points to a man in a yellow jumper, a boy who looks like he's the same age as Tubbo, and an older man with blonde hair. Much blonder hair than Dream, actually. "You haven't met Phil before, not properly. He's Wilbur's, Tommy's, and Techno's dad. That's Sapnap," his smile is a little more genuine this time as he points to a husky, whose eyes are huge and filled with worry. "He used to be a person. Oh. And that's Bad," he points to a man in a black hoodie. "And Skeppy," he points to another man in a blue hoodie. One with a face on it. "You knew Bad before the apocalypse. You haven't met Skeppy yet. They're both really nice."

"Hi," Wilbur beams, his hair hovering over his face. "It's been a little bit since we've seen you, George."

"Sucks," he shrugs, "I guess. Why the hell..I'm the last person alive. Why are you-"

"You're dead," Tommy interrupts. "You're dead. You're a zombie too, George. Tubbo and Dream are the only two humans here. And Dream's debatable, he got bit at the start of all of this bullshitery," he scoffs. "You're dead, George. I'm dead, Will's dead, Phil's dead, Techno's dead. Bad and Skeppy are dead, and Sapnap's a fucking *dog*. You're a zombie, just like the majority of us here."

"No," George frowns, not entirely sure why the hell Tommy would lie about something like that. "What the fuck? I have a pulse."

"You don't," Dream laughs. "You don't. You don't have a pulse anymore, George. You died," his voice breaks off into a whisper, lowering significantly. "I don't know how. None of us know how," he breathes out. "You..I went foggy, just like you did. You locked me in my room so I'd forget, and then it'd reset. And then you never, ever came back."

"I talked to him last at the beach," Techno adds. "We were watchin' the sun. I left before he did. It must've been just a couple hours after that."

Tubbo nods. "You wrote yourself a note, right, Dream?" Dream nods. "You didn't bite him, scratch

him, or do anything like that, did you?" Dream shakes his head, pausing.

"I kissed him." Tubbo sighs.

"Probably the issue there, then," he sighs again, moving to place his hand on George's arm. "Hi. Don't worry too much about anything, alright? We'll get you back to remembering in just a couple of minutes. I've done this before, I can do it again. You feel alright, right, Phil?"

"I remember everything, Tubbo. You did fine." Phil laughs, beaming. George watches as Tubbo leans closer to him, placing his hand on his chest.

"Just relax," he smiles. "It'll be okay, promise. Here," he takes George's hand, holding it out to Dream. "I'd say that we should just leave you alone, but it seems like that didn't work. So I'll try something else," Tubbo presses down a little, just enough for George to feel the pressure. He doesn't know why he isn't fighting it. They all seem so familiar, but it..it's different. He doesn't know any of them. This is fucking *bullshit*. "Okay. I'm sorry if this hurts." Tubbo tells him, eyes shimmering a little. They're unnaturally..bright. Too bright. What the fuck?

George feels a scream rip out from his throat, his entire body seizing, feeling like it's on fire. He squeezes Dream's hand, not giving a shit if it hurts him, either. He feels tears prick at his eyes, memories ripping into his skull. His head hurts so fucking bad, it hurts so bad, he's going to die he's going to die he's going to-

"I think I like you."

"Thanks. I like you too, George."

"I love you, you know that, right? I'm kind of angry with you, but I still love you."

"I love you too. Thanks for not punching me in the face."

"I wish it had been me."

"Don't. Please don't say that. He knew what he was doing, George."

"You found a dog."

"Sapnap! Say fuck! Say fuck! Say fuck!"

"Goodnight, Dream."

"Goodnight, George."

will you come back again?

Everything is so fucked, and it's all his fault.

Dream should have listened to the note, he shouldn't have assumed it would be fine. He remembers writing it, remembers putting that part down. Remembers underlining it, circling it, making it bold and specific. Dream wrote he, he *fucking wrote it down on paper*. He didn't want to take any chance on turning George if he thought he was accidentally going to turn. He didn't want to hurt him. And guess what he fucking did? He *hurt him*. He hurt the best person in his entire life and it's all his fault and he's such a stupid piece of shi-

"Dream," Tubbo's voice coaxes him out of his thoughts, not by much, but it does. "I'm sorry. I don't know if he'll.." he shakes his head. "I haven't seen this before. I didn't think you could turn him. He's fully dead, not like..not like us. Not like you. He's dead like Tommy and Phil and.." Tubbo breathes out. "I don't know if I can fix him, Dream."

"You have to," Dream lets out a bitter laughs, tilting his head. He stares up at the stars, watching them sparkle. There aren't a lot of lights anymore, most of them are damaged beyond repair. Most of the electricity is gone. The sky is a little too bright, filled with billions of stars. Dream wishes George could see them too. "He's the only thing I have left, Tubbo. I.." he closes his eyes, feeling the cool, winter breeze brush over him. "I love him."

"He loves you, too," Tubbo assures him. "I can tell. Tommy thinks it's gross, but it's..it's nice," he sighs. "I'm sorry. I'll try my best, Dream. I just haven't seen this before. And I know I'm all..I don't know, special or whatever, but I don't..I don't want to hurt him. Just trying what I did to Phil hurt him, and that was the most basic thing I could do. I don't know how I'm supposed to make him remember if he just keeps passing out every time I touch him."

Dream crosses his arms, shivering a little. The cold has never bothered him all that much recently. But everything's bothering him now, now that George forgot. "Why can't you just do it now? Make him remember now. Do whatever the hell it was that you did."

"He has to be awake," Tubbo murmurs. "He has to be lucid. I don't know how I can help him if he can't even stay awake, Dream. I'm trying to figure it out, I promise. I just don't know how I can help. I don't want to hurt him, Dream. I'm afraid that if I..if I keep doing this, something bad might happen." Dream closes his eyes, letting himself go somewhere else. Somewhere better. Somewhere that George remembers him. He knows it isn't fair - George helped him when he forgot. Dream doesn't know how he could ever blame George for wanting to stay in his room, avoid looking at him. He wants to do the exact same thing. He hates it so much, he hates himself so much. If he had just read the fucking note, if he had just *listened* to it..none of this would've happened. He's so *stupid*. How the hell could he be that stupid? The note, it fucking- it *told him!* And he didn't *listen!*

Dream leans back against the bricks, keeping his eyes shut. At least George found him. At least he didn't have to be told by someone else. Not like it makes it better. Nothing makes it better, nothing could *ever* make it better. He feels himself to rock back and forth a little, Wilbur's stupid song present in his head. He never got to hear the rest of it, which sucks. Dream wishes he could listen to Wilbur sing. Hearing that made him feel so much better, it just..he opens his eyes, adjusting to the dark almost immediately. He could ask Wilbur to sing to him. Somewhere outside of the city, where it wouldn't hurt anyone else. It's not like George is going to remember him. And Wilbur's always been willing to help him. If George managed to remember, Dream would just have to ride it through, have to go through what he did. It was the worst thing in his life.

It was even worse because George didn't respond to him.

It was even worse because he was locked in his room for two days.

He closes his eyes again, thankful for the whistling noise of the wind. He tries to imagine himself being somewhere else, somewhere before this. Dream feels himself start to slip a little, his head a bit too heavy to keep up. So he lets it happen, lets himself fall asleep. Lets himself go somewhere better.

"This is, quite possibly, the stupidest thing you've ever done," Dream tells Sapnap, arms crossed. The roar of the train is getting a lot closer now. "You can't just hop a train, Sapnap."

"Bet," Sapnap counters, grinning like the dumbass he is. "Honestly, I don't even see why you're so nervous. It's not like you didn't get chased down by the police because you absolutely refused to go to school," he counters, closing his eyes with a smirk. "Do you not remember the time I had to save your ass from quicksand? You we're looking for a fucking GeoCache, fell into a fucking pit of quicksand, quicksand! And then you made me bring you new clothes because the other ones were smothered in quicksand. And then you didn't fucking stop looking for that GeoCache. Why are you like this? Why are you the nervous one?"

Dream wheezes, eyes narrowing. "Alright, shut up. That was like, once. And to be fair, I only got the police called one once, thank you. I like to live to the fullest, you know what they say," he beams. "Okay. Okay, whatever. I guess this is similar to my school story, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Sapnap agrees. "I'll finally be going to the college I want."

"You know," he clears his throat. "You might need a friend."

"Dream. Your parents are fine. This is my thing. I have to do this. You don't."

"You know," Dream sighs. "I think you're wrong, Sapnap. You need someone. I've got more money than you do on hand right now," he tells him. "My parents will understand, don't worry too much about it. Come on," he smiles at the roar of the train, his heart skyrocketing, pounding in his chest. "We've got a train to catch."

Sapnap looks at him, throwing himself at him. He wraps his arms around Dream, squeezing. Dream squeezes back, ruffling his best friend's hair. "Thank you. Thank you so much, dude. I, fuck, man. I love you."

"I love you too," Dream smiles, pulling back. "Now. Are you ready to start somewhere new?" Sapnap grins, his face lighting up for the first time in a long time.

"Yeah. I am," the roaring of the train is really, really close now. Dream watches as the lights get closer to him, feeling Sapnap grip his arm a little harder. He can feel himself panicking a little bit, but he pushes it down, forces himself to just stay calm. He watches the train speed by, eyes flickering over for a spot to jump, a spot they can ride on. "There!" Sapnap shouts, rushing forwards. He leaps, hitting the floor of the boxcar with a thud. Dream follows, sprinting as fast as he can, lungs burning. "Dream! Come on!" He reaches out, feeling Sapnap's hand in his. He feels a yank, feels himself jump, and feels hard ground underneath of him. "Fuck yes!" Sapnap shouts, grinning so hard that he might break his face. "Fuck you!" He flips off the passing town, breathing a little too hard to be healthy.

"We did it!" Dream grins, adrenaline flowing through his veins, his head spinning. "Sapnap, w- we did it!"

"We did!" He laughs, eyes huge. "We're going to college, baby."

Dream blinks, frowning at the sight of the sun. It's barely rising, but it's still painted the sky with reds and oranges, some streaks of pink. He turns to his side, expecting to find George, and..oh. Yeah. Right. He's in the city, George is dead and went foggy. Right. He sighs, shifting a little. His legs are numb. Dream looks down, smiling a bit at the husky on his legs, Sapnap snoring contentedly. "Hey," Dream ruffles his fur, earning an annoyed yawn from his friend. "Remember hopping that train?" Sapnap snorts, bumping Dream's chin with his snout. "That was fun. George'll be back," he doesn't know that. He can't promise that. Hell, Dream doesn't even believe himself. But he's been good at making other people feel better, so he might as well lie about it. Maybe it'll help him. "He's just..you know. Tubbo's never done this before. But he'll be okay. He'll remember. I believe it."

"*Liar.*" Sapnap makes a noise that sounds too much like a laugh. Albeit, a very, very bitter one.

"Yeah," Dream agrees, sighing. "Sorry. I just..you know me too well, you know that, right?" He snorts, closing his eyes. It's still dark enough to go back to sleep. It probably isn't even six in the morning yet. Probably around four. "Maybe he'll be okay. I don't know. I have low expectations for everyone. I'm just scared," Sapnap whines, pawing at his leg. "I know you are too, Sapnap. But if you managed to come back, *twice*, I think he can do it," Dream teases. "Superdog." Sapnap barks, right in his ear.

"*Prick.*"

Dream wheezes, ducking his head. "Okay, I get it. You don't like it because you're a furry now," Sapnap snarls at him, curling his lip. "Alright, alright, calm down," Dream giggles, scooping Sapnap up in his arms, letting the dog rest his head under Dream's chin. "You're such a big baby. Look at you. What, am I warm? Am I a pillow?"

"*Yeah. Bitch.*" Dream laughs a little harder, snuggling his friend closer to him.

"Yeah," he agrees. "Thank you," Dream smiles a little, feeling a bit better. Maybe things will be okay. At least he has Sapnap. At least he has his best friend. "Maybe it'll be alright, you know?" He pats Sapnap's back, petting him a few seconds later. "He's strong. He just..he just has to remember, that's all. Easy, right?" Sapnap chuffs, grumbling a little. "Don't give me that, fucker. I'll drop kick you."

"Dream?" Dream turns to look at Wilbur, offering a half-smile. "Are you alright?"

"No," he smiles fully now. "You wanna take me out of the city and sing to me, Wilbur?"

Wilbur opens his mouth, eyes narrowing. "Don't joke about that, Dream. I..you know I'm not going to do that," he glances away, arms tucked to his chest. "He'll remember. If you remembered, he will. If Phil remembered, he will. If Sapnap came back as a cat and *then* a dog, George will remember. You can't just give up, Dream," Wilbur looks at him, eyes sadder than they had been. "Seriously. Tubbo's a smart kid. He'll do what he has to do. George will remember, Dream."

"I wish I could believe you," Dream laughs, closing his eyes. "I wish I wasn't as stupid."

"Dream," Wilbur scolds. "This wasn't..I know. It's not your fault. It is in some ways, but like me, it's not..it's not fully. It's hard to think that it isn't," Wilbur sits next to him, one knee pulled up to his chest, his arm thrown over it. "When Tubbo told me, I was..I was scared. Scared might not be the right word, but I was..I don't know. Nervous. I was terrified, I guess. I couldn't sing anymore. I can't sing, because if I do, it hurts people. It hurts people I love. I don't want to do that," Wilbur

sighs, staring off at the sky. The sun is almost up now. "It's self-destructive behaviour, Dream. You and I both do it."

"I..yeah," Dream sighs, watching as the sun starts to fully rise. "We're bad at that, huh?"

"We are," Wilbur smiles at him. "But he'll be alright. One of us has to be optimistic, right?" He grins, adjusting his beanie. "All of us will be alright." Dream lets the words settle in his ears, letting himself close his eyes again.

The weight of Sapnap on his chest and Wilbur next to him is comforting, a calming presence that helps him remember to not be nearly as pessimistic.

and i think i'm in love with you

George is tired.

He's been tired for a while, he thinks, but he's *really fucking tired*. His head hurts, his entire body aches. Everything hurts so badly, and he doesn't know why. He barely even remembers where he is. All he's sure of is that a man, a zombie, called Techno punched him in the face and then he woke up here. And then there were too many people around him, and then there was a lot of pain, and then..George doesn't know. That's all he can remember. He was in so much pain, so much agony. He remembers a consistent, though. One thing stayed the same, and that's the man who he keeps seeing. George is pretty sure his name is Dream, but he doesn't know. He frowns at the sudden weight on his chest, feeling vibrations.

"What the fuck.." George mumbles, sitting up, staring down at..oh. It's a cat. "Hi," he laughs, reaching down to pet her. She looks..familiar, sort of. "Where'd you come from?" She meows at him, kneading his chest. George can't help but smile - he's always loved cats. "I'm guessing I know you, too. I probably just don't remember it, huh?" He watches as she rubs her head against his chin, rumbling a little louder than before.

"Hey," he glances up, spotting a man across from him. He looks like Dream. George is assuming that it *is* Dream. "You're up. I'm sorry if Patches woke you up, she..she likes you," Dream smiles at him, and it's really, really pretty. Dream's pretty. "You guys are close."

George snorts, picking up Patches, cradling her in his arms. "Yeah? She's a big softie."

"She is," Dream agrees. "So's he," he gestures at a husky laying on his legs, tail thumping against the ground. "That's Sapnap. He's your friend. Our best friend, I guess. He used to be a person, like, a human, but..yeah. Stupid stuff happened, it's hard to explain. I don't even know why it happened, but it did," he sighs, leaning back. "Do you remember anything, George?"

"No," he admits, scratching Patches behind the ear. "I feel..I don't know," he sighs, smiling a little. "This feels nice. I like hearing you talk. Is that weird? That sounded so weird, what the fuck? I'm sorry, I didn't-"

Dream wheezes, his laugh filling the area around them. George can't help but giggle at that, ducking his head. "I like hearing you talk, too," Dream grins at him. "I love you, George. I know you don't remember loving me, but you did. And I don't..I guess I don't expect you to act like you do," his grin fades, turning into more of a smile. "It's okay. I just wanted..I just wanted to let you know," he sighs. "I love you." George feels his face go red, feels his entire body heat up. What the fuck? What the hell is wrong with him, why the hell..

"I like you, too," he blurts out before he can stop himself. "I think I loved you. I think I still might, but I don't know. But I like you." Dream's grin comes back, full front, his eyes twinkling.

"Thank you, George," he beams, pushing Sapnap off of his lap, pushing himself up off the ground. "Wanna go on a walk? I leave a note for the rest of them." George smiles, scooping Patches back off of his chest, cradling her.

"Yeah. You're such a cutie," George coos, eyes crinkling a little. Patches is so fucking cute. He lets her jump down, watches as she rubs up against Dream's legs. "Where are we going?" He asks, shivering a little. It's still winter. It's still cold. Colder than usual, actually. He didn't know he could still get cold."

"Somewhere where you'll remember," Dream smiles at him. George barely has any time to react before Dream's taking off his hoodie, tossing it to him. "Here. You're cold and you know it," Dream laughs, moving closer to him. George scrambles to put on the hoodie, not entirely sure why he's so fucking *nervous*. He glances away from Dream, heaving a sigh. "What? You're never this shy," Dream wheezes, grinning. "Come on," George feels his hand get warmer, glancing down, and..oh. Dream's holding his hand. He feels like a fucking eleven year old boy, getting his first crush. What the hell's *wrong* with him? "You'll like where we're going."

"I believe you," George smiles, feeling so much warmer than he had a couple of seconds ago. He keeps his pace with Dream, refusing to let himself fall behind. Which is fuckign annoying, because Dream's got much longer legs. And the prick walks way too fast, which is annoying, but whatever. It's not like George is going to yell at him. He feels..good. His head still hurts, a weird, foggy feeling pressing at his head, but it's still nice. He feels happy, he feels..George doesn't know. But he's feeling something, he's feeling something *good*, and he likes that. It's the first time in a while that his head hasn't hurt as much. "How far were we in the city?"

"About ten minutes," Dream shrugs. "I could carry you."

George laughs, punching him in the shoulder. "You're so stupid. No." He smiles, though, that warm feeling sinking to his stomach, his heart leaping into his throat. He watches as the buildings start to blur together, not really standing out as much. The area in front of them, however, *is*. It's mostly simple, just a beaten down dirt road that stretches on for what seems to be a while. It's surrounded by grass and snow and trees, with huge, rolling hills and mountains further on. It's..pretty. The sun is barely up, but it's still bright enough that he can see where he's going. George likes it. He likes it a lot. He feels safe, warm, happy. George..he hasn't felt like this in a long time. He's not quite sure how long it's been, but it's been far too long.

He's glad it's not like that. He's glad he's with Dream.

George isn't quite sure why. It's probably because he's supposed to be in love with him and all that, but he's not entirely sure. That's probably why. George isn't really a hopeless romantic, but Dream seems the type, and..it's endearing. It really, really is. Dream's fucking endearing, that's all he can really say. He can feel his hands start to heat up a little, thankful for Dream's hoodie. It had already been warm, which is nice. George mentally thanks Dream for wearing it. It kind of smells like pine and sage. It reminds him of home.

Home? George frowns, dragging himself out of his thoughts. His home always smelled like cinnamon and fall. He's not sure why he can't remember anything important, but that's clear as ever in his mind. Maybe he made a home with Dream. He would've had to, right? If they were in love, it wouldn't make sense if they weren't living together. George sighs, watching the puff of fog that forms in front of him. He glances up, watching as the trees start to thin. He stares at a clearing ahead of them, face cracking into a grin when he sees the ocean. He's always liked the ocean, he's always liked to swim. It's nice. Kind of romantic, he supposes. Even if he's not all that romantic.

"We're here," Dream stops walking, turning to look at him. George is shocked by the look in his eyes, the intensity, the way he just..he looks at George like he's the best thing in the world. "You know," Dream smiles, his face getting a little softer. George smiles back, feeling his heart scramble and burst into a million pieces. Fuck, okay. "We had a lot of fun here. Once I showed it to you, you always were bugging me about coming out here," Dream laughs, gesturing towards the ocean. "You said that you liked the beach, that you liked to swim," George finds himself walking towards the waves, feeling them lap over his feet. He's going to regret that, he's pretty sure. His boots are wet now, and that fucking sucks, but whatever. "George?"

"Yeah?" George looks at him, not fighting to keep the smile off of his face. "What's up, Dream?"

"I love you."

That's enough for his head to clear, for the fog to go away. He feels tears spring to his eyes, his entire body shaking. He's so hot, he's so *fucking hot*. And he *shouldn't* be, it's the middle of *winter*! But he is, and he barely manages to throw off the hoodie, pressing himself against Dream, even if that just makes him heat up more. Fuck's sake. "I think I'm in love with you, too." He whispers, pulling himself away. George spends a couple of seconds watching Dream, his heart beating way too fast, way too hard. He thought he was dead. He was supposed to be dead. Why isn't he? George doesn't care, he decides. He presses himself to the tops of his toes, leaning forwards. Dream manages to get the hint, leaning towards him, and then they're kissing, and his head doesn't hurt anymore and George is so sure that he's in love and he-

"You.." Dream murmurs, forehead pressed against George's. "Yeah. You think?"

"Yeah," George agrees, laughing a little. "I think so, yeah. Dream?"

"Yeah, George?"

"Ask me a question."

George barely manages to keep the grin off of his face when Dream's face lights up, his entire posture shifting. "Who was the first zombie I told you about?" George smiles. Easy.

"Techno. Give me another one."

"When..when's my birthday, George?" *Easy*.

"August twelfth, Dream. We celebrated by coming here."

Dream grins so hard George's afraid he might break his face. "Thank you," and then he's being hugged, and oh, Dream's crying. He's crying. Fuck. George is fairly certain that they're happy tears; he hopes that they're happy tears. "I love you so much, George."

"I love you too, Dream."

"Never forget again, alright?" George smiles, closing his eyes.

"Promise."

He feels the sun heat him up, feels Dream's arms keep him warm. George has never felt happier, and he doesn't think he ever will.

hopefully i won't wake up this time

Chapter Notes

:D

Dream feels himself start to wake up, a warmth next to him.

A smile stretches across his face, the memories from last night flooding back to him. To be fair, he can't quite remember going to bed, but he must've. He opens his eyes, turning to look at George, and-

It's Sapnap. He frowns, eyebrows furrowing. He glances up, and..

Oh.

George is still asleep on the makeshift bed across from him, Patches curled up on his chest. The sun is fairly high in the sky now, well set and shining too brightly. Dream blinks, feeling his throat start to collapse inwards, tears pricking at his eyes. His stomach drops, his heart feels like it's shattering, and it might as well be. Oh. That was just..it had just been a dream. It had just been his mind playing a fucking trick on him. Dream doesn't bother to try and not cry, dragging his knees up to his head, trying his best to muffle the noises. He hears Sapnap whine, feels the dog's muzzle pressing at his cheek, trying to make Dream look at him. He doesn't give into his friend, letting himself sob as much as he wants, the tears hot and burning and *god he hurts so much*. George never told him if he had a dream where Dream remembered. Where Dream didn't forget. George never talked about it, tried his best to not mention what had happened.

Dream can understand why. He really, really can understand why. "*Dream*," Sapnap whines, nose pressed to the side of his face. "*Dream. Please.*"

"I'm okay," Dream whispers, even though he's obviously fucking not. Sapnap isn't stupid - he's one of the smartest people Dream knows. He's probably the most emotionally smart people he's met. "I just had a bad dream," he murmurs. It wasn't bad. It was the best, it had been such a good dream, such a..it had been perfect. It had been so perfect, and everything had been right. George had remembered him, and they went to the beach and kissed and it had been *so good*. "It was good," Dream corrects himself, sniffing a little. "Waking up was bad," he tells his friend with a forced smile, feeling a tear roll down his nose. "Waking up was the worst thing that could've happened."

Sapnap whines again, forcing his way into Dream's lap, pawing at his legs. "*Sorry. So sorry.*"

"I know," he smiles, closing his eyes. "I know. So am I," Dream scratches his friend's ears, lip trembling a little. His entire body is shaking, actually. He can't believe he didn't realise that until now. Oh well. "Sapnap. I think I'm going to go talk to Wilbur."

"*No*," Sapnap snarls, immediately jumping out of his lap, eyes narrowed. His lip is curled up into a snarl, his ears pressed back against his head. "*Dream. Train. Jump.*"

"This isn't even fucking close to us hopping a train, Sapnap," Dream scoffs, standing up. "That was because you had to. I didn't. I wanted to. This is because I'm going fucking insane, Sapnap. This is

my choice. It's not like it's going to hurt you. It's not like he's going to remember," Dream snarls at his friend, towering over him as he fully stands, finding his balance. "Get out of my way, Sapnap."

"No."

Dream stares at him, stares at the way he's looking back at him. Sapnap looks scared. Dream understands why. But it's not like he..he's..*fuck*. "Okay," Dream whispers, collapsing to his knees. "Okay, Sapnap. Okay."

"Dream?" He blinks, looking over at Wilbur. "Dream, what.." Wilbur crouches down next to him, holding out his arms. Dream's never been very physically affectionate, but he hugs Wilbur as hard as he can, tears coming back like floodgates. "It's okay. Tubbo is going to figure it out, alright? He's already making a plan, he's doing everything he possibly can. George is a strong man, Dream. He'll come back. He'll remember. He can't forget you, you know that, right? You couldn't forget him. There's something in his head telling him to remember you, and he's going to listen to it, I promise. It'll be okay, Dream. We'll all be okay."

"Sing to me, Wilbur."

"No," Wilbur scoffs. "Dream, don't fucking start. I'm not doing it. You know better. You..I'm not going to sing and you know it. I'm not going to sing to you. He'll remember, Dream. He'll remember. I promise, he'll remember. If Phil can remember and come back from being actually dead, George can remember."

"He's fucking dead, Wilbur," Dream laughs. "It's my *fault*, Wilbur. You don't even understand, I told myself! I told myself in that fucking note, I told myself what not to do, and I went and did it anyways. Wilbur, you didn't know what you could do. I told myself, it was written down, and I still fucking did it. Sing the rest of your song to me, Wilbur. Please. I can't do it anymore, Wilbur, I fucking can't, I can't, I'm going insane, I can't *do it*."

Wilbur's arms squeeze him a little tighter, firmly keeping him in place. "No, Dream. No. You're being selfish," the word feels like a slap in the face, stinging, leaving behind a burning trail of tears in its path. "George didn't get the choice to forget. Why the hell would you? You have to be here for him, Dream. He can't do it on his own. Just like you couldn't. He was there for you the entire time, Dream. You can't just hide from your problems. You can't just hide from George. He's your *sun*, Dream. You told me that once, remember?"

"Of course I do," Dream whispers, leaning closer to Wilbur. "Fuck. I'm so fucking stupid. I can't..I'm sorry. I don't..I-"

"Shut up," Wilbur laughs. "Shut up, Dream. I know. When Phil died, I was so close to going with him. But I couldn't leave Techno and Tommy behind. Especially not Tommy. Techno can take care of himself, but Tommy..he's just a kid, you know? He's young. I'm still so so responsible for him, I can't just..I couldn't do it. I know how it feels, Dream. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. But you can't just give up. I know it's hard. It's so fucking hard, but you have to be strong. If not for yourself, for George. You're the only one who knows him more than himself."

"Yeah," he agrees, tears streaming down his face. "Thank you, Wilbur. I'm..I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Wilbur murmurs. "You're fine. It's alright. I know it's hard. I know. But it'll be okay, I promise. He's going to be just fine, Dream."

Dream nods against his chest, feeling warmer and safer than he had before. Wilbur has the tendency. Maybe he's got more skills than just being a siren. Even if he doesn't, he's such a good

friend, and Dream..he's so appreciative for that. "Thank you. I love you, man."

"I love you too, prick," Wilbur laughs, patting his back. "What else are friends for? I'm surprised Techno isn't awake yet. He always gets up around seven in the morning, if not earlier." Dream smiles a little, pulling himself back from Wilbur's embrace.

"Maybe he's just tired. I think a lot of us are tired."

"Mm," he agrees, looping an arm around Dream's shoulder. "Tommy's been wanting to talk to you. He likes you, Dream," Wilbur sighs. "He's just too stubborn to talk to you."

Dream rolls his eyes, opening his mouth to respond. "Morning." He glances up, smiling a bit at Phil.

"Morning, Phil!" Wilbur beams, his entire body language changing into something much, much happier. "It's not quite morning, actually. More like afternoon, I'd say. But good morning either way." Phil laughs, sitting down next to Dream.

"Morning, Phil," Dream yawns, sparing a glance towards George. "Do you guys sleep? Or do you not have to?"

"I don't have to," Phil shrugs. "But it's nice. I don't like being awake all the time, you know? I'm still able to do it, so why not?" Dream nods along with that, entirely understanding it. Sleep is nice. "I'm sorry about George, Dream. I know I ended up going foggy before I ever got to properly meet him beforehand, but he seems like a good person. Strong, too. He'll remember." Dream smiles a little, closing his eyes again.

"Wilbur told me the same thing. Like father like son, h-"

"*Fuck!*" Dream frowns, the voice rolling into his head like a fucking annoyance. Tommy. There he is. "What're we doing, having family bonding time without me? The fuck, Will? Where's Techno?" He opens his eyes, watching as Tommy and Tubbo stalk forwards, both sitting on the ground in front of them. "Haven't seen him all day."

"He's right here," Techno clears his throat, sliding to sit next to Tubbo and Wilbur. "I was just out walkin', down by the beach. It's nice to get out of the city sometimes, you know," he directs a pointed look at Wilbur, who shrugs. "So, why're we all sittin' here? And why's George still sleepin'? Is he not in on family bondin' time?"

Dream rolls his eyes, suddenly feeling much more at home than he had a few minutes ago. He never had really understood found families, but he definitely does now. "He's still sleeping. Wilbur came to talk to me, and then Phil, then the child and Tubbo, and-"

"He's the same age as me!" Tommy protests, eyes narrowed furiously. He looks furious all the time, Dream's pretty sure. "You..you are *so* lucky I'm nice and don't plan on biting you, big man."

"Like you'd ever," Dream teases, watching as Sapnap worms his way onto his lap, tail wagging like a madman. "Family bonding time, huh?" Phil smiles at him, flicking Tommy's knee.

"Be *nice*, Tommy," he laughs, rolling his eyes. "And yeah, Dream. You're part of the family now, aren't you?" Phil beams at him, and Dream can't help but grin back, a warm feeling in his chest. It's replaced by a stabbing pain, though, because he's still not really at home. It's still not really family. George isn't here. He's *here*, but he isn't..not in the way that matters. "Dream," he feels a hand on his leg. He looks up at Phil, holding back a snuffle. "He'll be alright. I promise. I've never gone back on a promise. Tubbo's a smart kid," Phil directs a look at Tubbo, smiling like an approving

father. Which is what he is, really. "He'll figure it out. We'll all figure it out. George will be part of family bonding soon, alright?"

Dream can't help but duck his head, breathing in a little. Maybe Phil's right. He feels..he feels like such a *dad*, and maybe he really is. Dream wishes that he still had his dad, but Phil has already become his father figure, and it's barely even been ten minutes. Fuck. "Yeah," Dream nods, smiling a bit. "Yeah. Alright, Phil. I believe you."

And he does. He spends the majority of the day in that circle, talking and joking around with his friends. Even though George not remembering is a constant fear in his head, he pushes it down a little, happy that he at least has this.

nothing is as it has been

Chapter Summary

tw - vomiting

George has spent the past ten minutes dry-heaving behind a wall.

He can't even remember the last time that he fucking ate. Considering how there's nothing to be thrown up, George is assuming that it's been a fairly decent amount of time. He gags, feeling that wretched feeling in his stomach. He lurches forwards again, breathing a little too heavily for his liking. He gags again, squeezing his eyes shut. His stomach feels *so bad*. At least his head isn't hurting nearly as much as it had been, thank fucking god. "George?" He groans in response, pressing his hands to the ground. "Fuck, man," he recognises the voice as Dream's. George knows that he's important, but he's not entirely sure why yet. "Here," he feels a hand on his back, radiating warmth right to his core. George feels himself calm down significantly, barely realising he was ever scared. "I got you water."

"Thanks," George rasps, blinking open his eyes. "Um..we were close." It's more of a statement than a question. George slowly lets himself sit back down, taking the bottle of water from Dream's hand.

"Yeah," Dream tells him. "We were dating."

"Were?"

Dream shrugs. "You forgot. I don't think it'd be cool of me if I just tried forcing you into it," he smiles. "It..sucks, but you're still a person. You're not just George anymore, you aren't my George. You'll always be my George, but you don't remember it. I'm not going to make you do anything, like, couple-wise. You're a person with thoughts and feels and all that," Dream sighs. "So, you know. It'd be shitty of me. Not just as someone who's got morals, but as someone who's in love with you."

"Oh," George coughs, taking a swig of water, washing out the bile taste in the back of his throat. He's cold. Why the hell is he so cold? George shifts closer to Dream, closing his eyes again. "Can you..touch me again?" He frowns at the way that sounds, wrinkling his nose. "I didn't..I don't mean, like, I just meant-"

"I know what you meant," Dream laughs, and then the warmth is back in the form of an arm around his back and waist. "Do you remember anything, George?"

"A bit," he admits. "You, mostly. I..I don't remember a lot, I guess. Just..I feel a lot. I feel like I know you. I feel like I'm safe with you. The dog, Sapnap, I feel like I want to hug him and punch him in the face. And the cat, Patches, right?" Dream nods. "I really, really like her. She's soft. She's been spending a lot of time with me recently."

"She loves you," Dream smiles. "She might've been my cat, but she really liked you, too. You give better cuddles, I think."

George snorts, resting his head on the front of Dream's shoulder. "Thanks. You're kind of dopey."

"Thank you," Dream wheezes. "How's your stomach?" George sighs, feeling a lot more content than he had been. He isn't really sure why, but it feels..nice. Safe. "George?"

"Sorry," he murmurs. "I'm okay. I don't know why I got sick. I haven't had anything anyways. I'm okay now. Thank you."

"Don't have to thank me. I'm not just..we weren't just *dating*, you know. We're friends, George. We were friends before we started to date. I'll always be here for you, okay? I love you. You don't have to say it back. I don't want you to say it if you don't mean it," Dream shifts a little. "Are you tired?"

George nods a little, head heavy. "Kind of. I don't know why, I just woke up."

"You've been back here for a little bit now. You're probably just tired from throwing up, even if you didn't like, actually throw up. Do you..do you want to go home? Back to the bunker? I know you don't remember it, but it's home. It was your home before it was mine. It has your bed and blankets and stuff. I don't know how well this winter is for you, especially since you don't even have any blankets."

"Yeah.." he agrees, shifting a little closer to Dream. He's so *warm*. "I don't want to get up," George whines, drowsiness at the forefront of his mind. "You're warm. You're really warm, and I'm comfortable, and I don't.." he yawns, moving to lay across Dream's lap. "Can we stay here?"

"Of course we can," Dream laughs, at it makes him even warmer. "Here. Let me grab my mattress real fast, okay? It'll be softer to sleep on." George whines when Dream sets him down, the cold rushing back to him, his head screaming at him. He curls up into a ball, furiously trying to grasp at what remaining warmth he has left, wincing at how *bad it hurts*. Everything hurts so bad, he's so cold, his head hurts so much, and-

The warmth is back, the pain in his skull dissipating. "Dream?" George mumbles, feeling arms around him, feeling a softer ground below him.

"Yeah, George. It's me," Dream whispers. George shifts on the mattress, turning to snuggle closer to Dream. He feels so fucking safe, so ridiculously..warm. He doesn't know *why* he's so cold without him. It doesn't make sense, he's..he doesn't know. "Go to bed, George. I'll be here. I love you."

"You too, Dream." George mumbles, feeling himself slip into a dreamless sleep.

George blinks.

He is *so* fucking warm. He frowns, head a lot clearer than it had been the past couple of days. How long has it even been? Whatever. He sighs, turning to face- *oh*. "Dream," he clears his throat, watching the other man smile at him. "Hi."

"Hey," Dream laughs. "How'd you sleep, princess?" George scoffs, giving him a shove. But not hard enough that he'd stop touching George. He doesn't want to be cold again.

"Better than I have," he admits. "I didn't know I had to..be close to you. Like..have you have a hand on me at all times. You make me warm," he flushes, biting down on his lip. "Not like, you know. But you just..I don't feel cold. I feel warm. My head doesn't hurt."

Dream smiles so wide at him, George's afraid it might start to stick like that. He can feel his heart

speed up a little, his throat going dry. "Then I'll just stay with you all the time," he says it like it's the easiest thing in the world, like it's not going to be hard at all. "I'll stick with you until we can figure out how to make it permanent." George laughs, snuggling up closer to the man in front of him.

"Yeah. I'm sorry if it's..weird. I know I don't remember, but I..," he sighs. "I know it's hard for you. I don't know why I know that, but I do. And I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Dream murmurs, head resting on his own. "It was hard for you too, but you kept strong about it. So I have to do the same, right? I'd do it anyways, George. You're like, the most important person in my life. I'm sorry if it's weird for you. I know that you don't remember, and that, like.." he sighs. "I hope it's okay."

"It is," George assures him. "I..like you. I'm not sure why, since you're just a clingy dumbass with a nice laugh, but you know-"

"Oh, shut up," Dream wheezes, which makes George's heart stutter for a second. Fucking hell. "You love me and you know it. Somewhere deep down, you're secretly waiting until I propose to you so you'll remember, then we'll kiss. We'll have a spring wedding, Techno is going to be the bridesmaid, Tommy is gonna be the flower girl, and Tubbo'll be the ring bearer. Phil can marry us, he's probably a priest in a past life or whatever. Sapnap and Patches are going to be my best men. Wilbur can watch."

George laughs, tilting his head back a little. "You're such a visionary. Who's gonna be my best man, then? You?"

"Yeah," Dream giggles. "Who else would it be?" George sighs, rolling his eyes at the dumbass. "Really, though. I'm glad I can help, George."

"Me too," he sighs, but he's still smiling anyways. "Thank you."

"Of course, George. What else would I do?"

"Not help me?"

Dream scoffs. "Like I'd ever do that."

George laughs, snuggling a little closer to Dream. He feels..safe, warm. All of those stupid fuzzy feelings, that shit. He likes it, though. He feels..happy. George smiles, closing his eyes as he listens to Dream ramble on about something. He barely notices it, but he does - his head doesn't hurt anymore.

in your winter coat

George is warm.

His head doesn't hurt, his chest isn't as tight as it had been, and he's *so warm*. George's sat next to Dream, head resting on his shoulder. He's listening to Wilbur and Phil argue about something, and he's fairly certain that he's heard the word "sand" said between them way too many times.

Admittedly, George is having a hard time focusing, considering how warm he is. He hasn't been this warm in *ages*. He's always been cold, and he's not sure why. Dream said that it's probably because he's..dead. Which he has a hard time believing - he had been so sure that he was alive. Maybe he was just..delusional. Techno told him that he was pretty out of it, so George isn't entirely sure either of them are lying. He doubts that Dream would lie to him anyways. Everything he's said so far has felt right, like it was just common knowledge. George likes that, he likes being able to at least remember some things.

He's not a fan of not knowing, of not remembering. Thank god Dream's been helping him - he's not sure if he could do it on his own. George smiles a little, humming a bit to himself as he leans closer to Dream. He's kept his promise, Dream has. Ever since they figured out George could be more like himself when he was warm, Dream didn't leave his side. Which was awkward at first, but then it just sort of felt right. The tension in the air was gone, and soon they were laughing and making jokes and just..being happy. George is really, really happy. He's not entirely sure how he's supposed to remember, but he's fairly certain that it has something to do with Dream. No one else makes him feel warm, no one else even comes close. The closest person who makes him feel a little heat is Tubbo, and that isn't nearly enough.

"This wasn't in my childhood, Phil," Wilbur booms, his voice a little too loud for George's ears. Which is weird, since Wilbur is one of the most soft-spoken people George has ever met. Tommy's the worst, though. The little annoying shit, shouting at everything and everyone. "*Anyways*. There are different kinds of sand, and there is a sand hierarchy, which you would know about if you let me speak-"

"You shouldn't be eating sand in general!" Phil protests, eyes narrowed. In the time that he's been awake, George has learnt that Phil basically adopted Techno, Wilbur, and Tommy before the apocalypse. They lived and died together, which would almost be poetic, had it not been so ridiculous. Tubbo had never officially turned, but he *did* go foggy, which is what happened to George. He's had a hard time learning all of the dynamics, but he's been doing his best, and Dream has helped him. "Wilbur, listen to me. This is ridiculous, there is-"

"-No good reason to *not* eat sand," Wilbur grins, looking like he's just won the battle. George rolls his eyes, shifting a little closer to Dream. Barely touching him makes George warm, but he can feel the cold. So he tries his best to get as close as he can, just so the cold doesn't stand a chance. "Don't you agree, Tommy?" George sighs internally, preparing his poor eardrums to suffer the howls and screams of the *child*. "Tommy?" George frowns, glancing behind him, and..yeah. Makes sense.

"He's watching the stars with Tubbo," he murmurs, yawning a bit. He's barely been awake for three days now, but he's still so tired. He has no idea how any of the other zombies manage it. "I think Tommy's passed out." George adds, taking another look at the pair. He's also learnt that they're the closest people in the entire world, the absolute best of friends. He's been told that when Tommy found Tubbo, he didn't come home for a week, opting to stay with his best friend as long as he possibly could before Wilbur and Techno got worried, hunting him down. Which he doesn't find hard to believe, what, with how much time they spend together. George can understand - he wants

to spend as much time with Dream as he possibly can, and he doesn't even remember everything about him. He feels a weight on his legs, smiling a little down at Sapnap.

George's been told that he used to be a person, which is probably true. He's able to say quite a few words, unsurprisingly, the majority of those words are curses, but whatever. Sapnap can say their names, his own name. He's been learning how to say "I love you", which George thinks is kind of cute. Not like he'd ever admit it, obviously. he might not remember, but he's got a feeling that he's supposed to argue with Sapnap as much as he can. He's not entirely sure why, but he refuses to ignore that feeling, especially when the rest of those feelings have been right. Plus, Sapnap has called him a bitch like, eight times now. George's pretty sure he's allowed to tell him to go fuck himself. "Of course he is," Phil sighs, but there's a smile on his face. Tommy's basically his son, so it makes sense. The only reason he technically isn't is because the apocalypse started before Phil could sign the papers. "Tubbo'll drag him over here eventually."

"Mm," Techno makes a noise from the back of his throat. George snorts, watching the zombie stare up at the sky, laying on his back. "The stars do look pretty tonight. Kind of forget how bright the city was until there wasn't much light left," George silently agrees with that, glancing up at the stars, smiling a bit. He remembers the stars, at the very least. He remembers watching them with Dream in the snow. He remembers being warm then, too. "There's Orion. And Auriga. Phil, is that.." he pauses, going silent for a few seconds, "Castor?"

"It is," Phil confirms. George glances up at the stars, wondering which ones they're talking about. He's never been good with constellations, especially not the winter ones. Are those even winter ones, or are they always there? He's not sure. "And that one's.." he closes his eyes, Phil's voice trailing off in his head. He can feel the winter breeze blow over him, a light dusting of snow in his hair and on his clothes. He's still warm, though; he doesn't even feel the cold at all. At least the winter cold is different from the regular cold he feels.

"George?" He startles a little at Dream's voice, cracking an eye open to look at him. "That one is Castor," Dream points to a constellation that looks like a weird stick figure. "And that's his brother, Pollux. They're twins. They're also known as Gemini."

George smiles, closing his eyes again. "That's nice. Thank you," he can hear Wilbur humming something, just barely, but he still can. It's nice, Wilbur has a nice voice. George isn't entirely sure why he doesn't sing anymore. "Thank you for everything, Dream." He murmurs, sleep veiling over him.

"Of course, George. I love you."

"I know," he smiles, the warmth climbing up to his throat, passing into his head. "I love you, too."

He isn't really sure how he knows that, but he does. He doesn't quite remember falling in love with Dream, but he's fairly certain that he did. Why wouldn't he say it? Even if he doesn't quite love Dream in *that* way yet, he still loves him. More than a friend, George thinks. Even if he can't entirely pinpoint when he realised that, he knows that he does. "You don't have to say it, George," Dream laughs, a low, husky sound. "I don't really expect you to."

"Shut up," George turns his head, opening his eyes again. He meets Dream's, smiling a little. "You're ridiculous," before he can stop himself, he leans in, kissing Dream. Warmth skyrockets throughout his entire body, his head screaming for a second before all of the pain is gone, warmth settling in his bones, making itself very present. George scrambles back, not touching Dream anymore. "Dream," he gasps. "I think I remember."

"What?" Dream breathes out, staring right back at him. "You.."

"I saved your ass," George laughs. "I saved you, I *saved* you! You were on the gas station across from the house, and you..you were getting swarmed and that was when Sapnap was still Patches and-"

George feels arms wrapped around him, threatening to crush his ribcage in a few moments. But he doesn't give a *shit*, he remembers and he's with Dream and he's so happy and *fucking shit he's so happy*-

"I love you." Dream whispers, sniffing a little after that.

"I love you too, Dream." George whispers back, rocking himself a bit in Dream's arms, squeezing his eyes shut.

His head doesn't hurt anymore, he decides. He's so warm, he's so happy. Everything is finally fucking fixed, everything is *right*. He giggles into the side of Dream's shoulder, joy bubbling throughout his entire body. George can't believe it, he's..he's finally back, he remembers. He's so warm and happy, and the fog is gone, he remembers everything, he remembers *Dream*.

"Thank you for coming back." Dream breathes out, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Thank you for not giving up." George grins, feeling too happy to feel anything else. Maybe love. Yeah, he definitely feels love, he's *so* in love with Dream. He's so happy, too. He can't believe it. George hugs Dream tighter than he probably should, figuring that they're both going to have a couple broken ribs after this. But he doesn't care, he decides. He doesn't care at all. All that's important is that he remembers, and that he's with Dream.

And that's all that's important.

just let the words trickle down

"Turns out, it was just a dream."

"Why the fuck are you spilling your life story out, Dream? I don't care. I just wanted to pet Sapnap, and then you cornered me and wouldn't let me leave, and I-"

Tubbo sighs, elbowing Tommy in the side. "Shush, he's fine."

George also sighs, rolling his eyes from the kitchen table. Tommy's hair is finally growing back in patches where it had fallen out, his skin a little less green and sickly. It's been about a year now, George thinks. So much has fucking happened. He went foggy again (three times), Dream also went foggy (twice), and then Phil went foggy (once). Then Phil came back as a human, and every single one of them had been shocked. For obvious reasons. Then Wilbur came back. And then Techno, then Tommy. George had never really been a zombie, technically, but he also came back. Started get warm on his own. Bad and Skeppy also came back as humans, and it was just a whole *fucking ordeal*. George taps his foot against the ground, glaring down at Sapnap. Dumbass is whining at him, acting like George doesn't fucking feed him. "What? Go bother Dream. You aren't my problem."

"*Bitch*," Sapnap growls, eyes narrowed at him. "*Annoying. You suck.*"

"Yeah, whatever," George scoffs, rolling his eyes. "Go suck it, furry." Sapnap snarls at him, but he does end up trotting off somewhere. Probably to George's room. He *always* goes in George's room, it's fucking ridiculous.

"Like I was saying," Dream clears his throat. "It was a dream. I woke up, George was still asleep and no where near me, and then I cried for like, twenty minutes. Then Wilbur came out and yelled at me until I felt better, and yeah! Oh, and the day after that was family bonding time, you two remember that. And then George kissed me, and like a frog turning into a prince, he remembered! Everything! And then we fell in love, had a wedding, and-"

"That isn't how it went at all," George snorts, raising his voice. "I remembered you, then you dragged me here and made me cold pancakes. Then you made me walk back to the city, when I hadn't even taken a fucking shower yet, and then you made me talk to Bad and Skeppy for like, twenty minutes. And now we're here. And the wedding didn't happen, and it is not going to. I would divorce you immediately."

Dream grins at him, his smile ridiculously blinding and beautiful. *He's* ridiculously blinding and beautiful. "I think that's how it went, George. I'm always right, remember? When have I been wrong once in my life?"

"Right now," George rolls his eyes, standing up off the chair he was sat on. "Tommy, Tubbo, you're allowed to leave. I think Wilbur and Techno found nerf guns," Dream's eyes light up, and he immediately regrets saying that. George rushes forwards, grabbing Dream's arm, practically hauling him back. "*Not* you. Let them have sibling bonding ti-" Dream thrashes *once*, and he breaks free from George's grip, prancing out the door without a word. "You fucking asshole," George sighs, but he can't help but smile. "Wanna crossteam?"

Dream wheezes, whirling around on him, face so full of joy it makes George's heart hurt. "There's no rules in love and war, Georgie!" He shouts, pointing the stupid nerf gun right at him. George sidesteps, ducking down to the ground. Dream should have never taught him how to do that. "Oh,

you little.." Dream laughs, a booming sound that makes George so fucking happy. "C'mere, George!" He drops his voice to that low coo, and George rolls his eyes. Dumbass.

"No!" George shouts, diving towards one of the guns on the ground, rolling away from the spray of bullets coming his way. "Techno!" He calls out, watching as the man looks down at him from the fucking top of his bunker. "Help me!" Techno grins at him, skin practically glowing.

"You got it!" Techno leaps down, bending his knees before his feet are anywhere close to touching the ground. "Prepare to meet your maker, green boy," Dream wheezes, firing once at Techno. "You missed. You're kinda bad at this, huh?" Techno taunts, his eyes lighting up with challenge.

"Oh, you are going *down*, you strip of bacon."

"*What* did you just call me? Oh, you're so fucked now, I'm gonna kill you," George giggles, ducking behind Techno, peering out behind him to stare at his boyfriend. "Don't use me as a human meat shield, what're you fuckin' doin'?" Techno laughs, sidestepping away from him. "You're *dead*, Dream!"

"Nope," George wheezes as he watches Techno hit the ground, Wilbur standing directly over him. "Any last words?"

Techno grins up at him. "Watch your six, Wilbur." Wilbur shouts out when a dart hits him in the shoulder, collapsing dramatically on top of Techno, refusing to get up. George grins at Tubbo, who grins back at him.

"Come on!" Tubbo shouts. "Gotta get Dream out!" He giggles, and George laughs along with him, sprinting towards the place he knows Dream has gone. "Ohh, Tommy!" Tubbo calls out, clearly going on the hunt for someone else. George creeps through the trees, wandering down the worn, dirt path. George feels arms wrapped around his waist, feels Dream set his head on his shoulder.

"Hi," Dream breathes out, kissing the side of his face. "How's the war going?"

"Wasn't much of a war," George smiles, continuing to walk. "Wilbur's down. Tommy's probably going to get shot by Tubbo soon. God," he beams, ducking his head. "They're so much better now, Dream. They're so much more energetic."

"I'd expect so," Dream wheezes. "But..yeah. I'm really happy for them, George. I'm so happy that they came back."

George nods, seeing the beach come into view. "Me too, Dream. Me too."

They have a fall wedding.

Phil "legally" marries them.

Wilbur and Sapnap are Dream's best men. Techno and Patches are George's.

Tommy tries to argue his way out of being the flower girl, but Tubbo ended up convincing him anyways. Tubbo picked out both of their suits, actually. One with green accents and one with red.

Bad and Skeppy end up watching, so they "legally" have witnesses. It's not like it matters all that much, but George likes the thought of it anyways.

"Alright!" Phil clears his throat, tapping his fingers against the little lectern in front of him. George

feels the water wash up over his feet, reaching the cuffs of his pants. He feels his gun strapped to his hip, his knives scattered throughout his clothes. The suit he chose is a little too tight, but he doesn't care. He stares at Dream, completely unable to wipe the stupid fucking smile off of his face. Dream's so pretty. He's *so* pretty. His suit is black and gold, with hints of green and blue. He has an orange flower pinned to his chest; George has a white one. His hair is slicked back, but it still managed to get fucked up on the way here, so it's half over his face, half sticking up. "George, do you take Dream to be your husband? Legally."

George giggles, ducking his head. "Yeah. I, um, yeah. I do," Dream snorts. "Shut up." Phil sighs, but he smiles. Of course he does.

"Dream. Do you take George to be your husband? Also legally."

"Of course I do," Dream grins, his eyes twinkling. God, they're so green. George is so happy Dream made him put on the glasses for this. "I do. I do, I do a thousand times over."

"Well," Phil grins. "You know what's next. Go ahead. Kiss your husband."

So they do. Dream leans in first, George following at a close pace. He doesn't know how long they stay like that, but when they pull away, all George can hear is the cheers of his friends. "Pog!" Tommy shouts. George is pretty sure he can see tears in his eyes. "Pog! Pog! Pog!"

"Hell yes!" Wilbur claps, grinning like an absolute madman. He isn't trying to hide his tears. "I'm so proud of you both!" He shouts, eyes crinkling up.

"Good on you two," Techno beams at them, a few stray tears trailing down his face. "Two dumbasses in love. What more could you ever ask for?"

"*Yeah!*" Sapnap howls, prancing forwards, headbutting them both. "*Love you! Love you! Love you! Proud! Love you! George! Dream! Love!*" He grins up at them, tail wagging furiously. George laughs, crouching down to let Sapnap leap into his arms, squeezing his friend as tight as he can.

"I love you, too!" Tubbo shouts. "I also do!" He races over to them, throwing himself in Dream's arms. "Thank you for helping me bring them back." Dream grins down at him, ruffling his hair.

"Of course, Tubbo. You're my little brother, why wouldn't I?" Tubbo beams at him with the brightest smile George's ever seen, tears trailing down his cheeks. Bad and Skeppy are cheering, he can hear them. But he can't help but focus on Dream, the way he smiles, the way he's..*god*.

"George?"

"Yeah?"

Dream grins at him. "Only a simp would get married." George is silent for a second before he bursts out laughing, reaching over the lectern and punching his husband, *husband*, in the shoulder.

"Fuck you." He laughs, eyes lighting up. He hears a bang, turns to look at Phil, everyone going silent.

"Oops," Phil shrugs. "Zombie." George looks at the body on the ground.

It only takes five seconds and everyone is back to howling with laughter, cheers going up in the air, echoing in George's ears. He's *so* happy. He's pretty sure he's never been this happy in his entire life. He doesn't think he'll ever be this happy again.

Thank god, George thinks, thank god he went to the gas station that day.

Thank god he met Dream.

i wanna live this night over and over

Dream shivers a little as the bunker door whooshes open, a gust of fall air seeping into it. He looks down at his hand, grinning at the ring on it. George had Techno take him into the city, had Techno help him find a ring. It's gorgeous. It has an emerald in the centre, the rest of it being pure gold. Dream smiles, hearing the bunker shut behind him. They only got married around a month ago, but the joy of it all is still fresh in his mind, making him giddy every time he thinks about it. George isn't his *boyfriend* anymore, he's his *husband*. The word makes his stomach do little flips and turn over and just...*man*. Dream ducks his head, smiling so hard it's starting to hurt. He shakes his head, forcing himself to keep moving, to stop thinking about George for *one* second. Which is hard, but he'll manage. He can think about him later, he always does.

He scuffs his feet against the ground, swaying a little as he hums to himself - one of Wilbur's songs, actually. It was another one of his stupid joke songs, but this one was particularly concerning. The "Nice Guy Ballad", as Wilbur so proudly called it. Dream snorts, shoving his hands in his pockets, seeing the small, wooden cabin up ahead. Ever since his friends all turned back into humans, they decided they probably shouldn't live in the city anymore. And it was inconvenient. Dream would walk a hundred miles to see them, but there was a house in the forest, so it really just made sense that they'd take it. Dream isn't entirely sure "cabin" is the word for what the thing actually is. A wooden mansion, maybe. It's got way too many rooms, three floors, about five balconies...it's ridiculous. To be fair, though, it's not like anyone else would care. Everyone else is dead.

Dream sighs, glancing over in the direction of the city. It sucks. It sucks that everyone else is still dead and gone, but at least his friends are back. Even if they were still zombies, Dream wouldn't really care. But it's nice that they're not going to forget any time soon. It's nice that they finally have stopped hurting. Dream smiles, pausing to knock on their door. He's fairly certain that none of them would give a shit if he just came in, but he's polite, anyways, so he knocks. "Coming!" Tubbo shouts, and Dream hears footsteps thudding across the ground, backing up so the door doesn't slam into his face. "Dream!" Tubbo beams at him, his eyes lighting up. Dream grins back at him.

"Where's George?"

"Sleeping," he waves a hand, stepping into the house. "I figured I'd come over to teach you how to make *good* pancakes, and then I'd go bother George to bring him over here. For a nice little breakfast," Tubbo nods, bouncing off towards the kitchen. Dream follows, smiling a little more than he had been. One thing that he's noticed ever since everyone came back is that their eyes are much, much brighter. Glowing, almost. Even Tubbo, who never got turned. Dream's not sure why, but it's not like he's going to complain. Even George's eyes are bright, shining in the darkness.

"Where's everyone else? Asleep?"

"No," Tubbo shakes his head, opening the fridge. "Wilbur's downstairs with Tommy. Phil is still sleeping, and I think Techno went to go steal something from the city," he sighs. "I don't know what else he wants to take from there. He's already got a collection of things he'll never use, and I just..." Tubbo rolls his eyes. "He's lucky that we love him. He's lucky I don't burn all his shit."

Dream snorts, grabbing the sugar from the kitchen counter. "Yeah," he agrees. "To be fair, I..I mean, I do the same thing. Especially when I first met George. I'd bring him gifts and everything. Like, literally anything I could find I would snatch. I took a *bonsai* tree, Tubbo. The thing is still alive! It's almost been three years! Maybe more!" He wheezes, shaking his head. "Whatever. What're Wilbur and Tommy up to?"

"I think Wilbur's trying to teach Tommy how to play guitar," Tubbo laughs. "He's getting really

frustrated, but he's trying to keep his voice down so he doesn't wake up his dad. Tommy's really good at playing piano, but Techno hasn't hauled one over here yet. I think he will, eventually," he admits. "It's something that he'd do. But I don't know if he'd be up for a forty minute walk on his own."

"I'd help," Dream offers, grabbing a knife from the drawer below him. "Two hands are always better than one, right? I think Wilbur and Phil would help. You could keep him occupied, and George and Sapnap could take a nap. Patches, too," he smiles. "Bad and Skeppy could probably help, too. I doubt they'd have much else to do." Ever since they turned back into humans, they had gone back to their home in the city. Together. Dream's fairly certain that they're dating, but he isn't sure if either of them know or not. Which is fine, that was basically what happened to George and him, except Dream definitely knew. George's always been oblivious with feelings, especially when they're right in front of him. Then he just tends to ignore them and hope that they go away. Dream finds it a little endearing, but it also pisses him off beyond belief, but whatever.

Tubbo makes a noise from the back of his throat, sounding like an agreemental one. "Yeah. It'd be nice.." he smiles. "I think he'd like it. Do you think he would? I know he's my best friend, but sometimes I can't always figure him out and I don't like that but I jus-"

"He'd love it, Tubbo," Dream reaches out, squeezing the kid's shoulder. "He'd love it," Tubbo nods, smiling at him. "Alright. Let's teach you how to make panca-"

"*Fuck!*" Tommy screams, his voice ringing in Dream's ears. He sighs. Of course. Of *course* that little shit would just start to talk *now*. "Wilbur, I'm not good at this, Wilbur. I am *not*."

"Probably because you haven't practiced," Wilbur laughs. "Calm down, Tommy. You'll be good at this eventually. I've been practicing my entire life, that's the only reason I'm good at it. Come on. I heard Tubbo open the door," Dream rolls his eyes, hearing footsteps coming up the stairs. "Dream!" Wilbur shouts, crashing into him, hugging him from behind. "Hello!"

Dream laughs, patting Wilbur's shoulder as best he can. "Hey, Wilbur. You act like you never see me. I always come to visit once a day."

"But I *missed* you," Wilbur beams, releasing him. "What're you doing? Making a cake? What the hell is this?" Wilbur scowls, crossing his arms. "It looks like mush."

"It's flour, Wilbur."

"Close enough."

Tommy slams his hands on the table, echoing throughout the house. "What up, big man!" He grins at Dream, braces glinting a little, catching the sun just right. "Where's your man?" Dream snorts, rolling his eyes at the dumbass *child*.

"George is still sleeping at the bunker," he waves a hand, reaching for the pancake mix. Clearly he won't be making anything from scratch anymore. "I figured I'd teach Tubbo how to actually cook and bake shit. And then you two came up, ruined everything," he waves a hand, grabbing the milk Tubbo got out of the fridge. "Disgusting. Despicable. Awful. Horrendous. Terrible. Gross. Invalid." Tommy snorts, drumming his fingers against the table.

"That's just rude, now isn't it, big man?"

"I have a name, Tommy," Dream sighs. "It's Dream. My name is Dream. Do you not know that? My name is Dream, Tommy."

"Fuck off," he scoffs, kicking his feet up onto the table. "Where's Techno?"

"Off in the city, probably," Wilbur shrugs, resting his head on Dream's shoulder. "Smells good."

"Wilbur, it's just milk and butter."

"Still."

Dream grins, elbowing him in the stomach. "You're so clingy," he laughs as Wilbur continues to cling onto him. "Fucking..whatever," he shoves the bowl towards Tubbo. "Put that in the oven." Wilbur lets go of him, scrambling to sit on the empty counter in front of him, where the bowl had been. The tall prick barely even manages to fit there, head barely not touching the ceiling.

"That's like, hazardous," Wilbur drawls. "Anyways," he pulls his guitar off of his back, strumming. "Wanna hear my other song?"

"You had *another* one?" Dream laughs, a little incredulous. "What the fuck was this one called?"

Wilbur grins at him, his eyes twinkling. Even if they're brown, Dream can still see them glow, light dancing, reflecting in them. "Karen, please come back, I miss the kids."

"You're fucking kidding me."

"Karen, please come back, I miss the kids. Karen, please come back, I miss the kids," Wilbur sings, grinning like an idiot. "How old's he again, twenty-four? Is he still your yoga instructor? Karen, I don't have a bed anymore. I sleep on a futon on the hardwood floor. Can you blame me," he winks, "I'm quite poor. Why'd you have to be such a whore?" Dream reaches over, slaps him on the arm. Wilbur just laughs, his stupid grin somehow managing to get bigger. "And I will write you songs until my lungs fall out!" he shouts, "until you hear me! She took the fucking kids! Please, hear me now! All I want's for you to listen!"

"Karen, I keep your hair in the drain!" Tommy grins, leaping up onto the counter with Wilbur, snapping his fingers. "A little piece of you that still remains! Sometimes I stroke it," he booms, slamming his hands against the counter, trying to mimic Wilbur's chords. "That's uh, that's all you've taught me so far, Will," he laughs, ducking his head. "How does the rest of it go?"

"Start singing," Dream threatens, "and I'll beat you to death."

"Hot," Wilbur sticks out his tongue. "Anyways, I-"

Dream cranes his neck as he hears the door open, grinning when he hears Sapnap's claws skitter across the hard ground. "George!" Dream opens his arms, tensing for the punch in the shoulder he expects. "Hi!" He wheezes as George punches him, rolling his eyes.

"So that's where you went. Didn't wake me up and say goodbye?" He scowls. "Rude."

"Yeah," Dream agrees. "I wanted to surprise you with pancakes," he gestures over to the oven. "But, like..both of those assholes," he points at Wilbur and Tommy. "Had to just..come down and bitch about their marital life. Tubbo was the only good one. Tubbo's always the only good one. I hate both of you." Wilbur grins, Tommy following him soon after. They smile like each other, Dream notes. Tommy really does stick to Wilbur's side.

"Fuckin'," Techno sighs, the wind slamming the door shut behind him. He's got a fox by his side and two dogs trailing after him. "Found people. Meet Fundy," he points at the fox, "Eret," he gestures down at the German shepherd with fucking..sunglasses. "And Niki," he nods at the golden

retriever. "They're people. Tubbo, translate."

Tubbo rolls his eyes, but he crouches down, the trio of animals flocking towards him. "Hi!" He smiles. "You guys have stuck together, huh?" He laughs, nodding. "Yeah, I know. I don't know how it happened, either. We have a friend like you! His name is Sapnap," he motions over. Dream watches as Sapnap scrambles over there, tail wagging furiously. "Oh? Yeah. Everyone here used to be a zombie," Tubbo giggles. "Minus me and Dream, I guess? Don't worry, we all turned back. I know! I *know*. Trust me, it's weird. It's really weird. I don't even understand myself, and I'm the one with the most knowledge. Oh, shut up Sapnap," Tubbo rolls his eyes again. "It's fine. So..how'd you manage to tell Techno your names?" Eret barks, way too deeply. "Ah. Okay. Smart."

"What the hell are they even tellin' you?" Techno laughs, dragging his knees up on the table. "You able to like, magically get them to talk like people? Or is that outta your skillset?" Tubbo flips him off.

"I can't just-"

"I understand them," George interrupts. "Niki and Eret have been together since it started, and then they found Fundy," he turns to look at Dream, eyes huge. "I can understand Sapnap, too. He's complaining."

Dream blinks. "Whatever," he sighs. "It is what it is. Can't be surprised by anything anymore. Zombies? Easy. Some random kid who likes bees and can make people remember shit? Yeah, a classic. Suddenly, my husband can speak to animals? Expected." George laughs, punching Dream's shoulder.

"It's probably for the best," George smiles. "To have two people that can talk to them. It'd suck to not be able to communicate. Niki and Eret have both died like, twenty times," he snorts. "Fundy's died once. They keep coming back and meeting up. It's like, some weird ass groundhog day. Except not even close."

Dream sighs, crossing his arms against his chest as he watches George and Tubbo talk to the trio of new people at their doorstep. Wilbur and Tommy start singing his stupid songs again, and Phil eventually manages to drag himself down the stairs to eat breakfast. The pancakes are good, a little dry, but they're still good. Patches somehow manages to escape the bunker, scratching at the door until she's let in and then immediately goes straight to Dream, yelling at him for leaving her alone. He smiles when George ends up standing next to him, head resting on his shoulder as he complains about how cold it is.

Dream can't help but feel like the luckiest man alive, even if his friends are the only ones alive with him. He wouldn't have it any other way, he thinks. Thank god he got stuck on that stupid gas station. He's so glad George decided to let him in that bunker. He's so *happy*.

but when i close my eyes [END]

This, George thinks, is bullshit.

He's always known about the gas station in front of his bunker. He's never cared about it, because why would he?

Then he found a man on the fucking roof, a hoard of zombies groaning at his feet, trying to murder him. And, like the saint he is, George went to help.

And then he fell in love. It took him a few weeks of denial and then finally biting the bullet and accepting it, and then he ended up getting himself a boyfriend. A boyfriend who could talk to zombies and had his human roommate reincarnated into his cat. Which isn't even the weirdest thing that happened that year, if George remembers right. Then Dream went foggy, then he came back. Then he went foggy again, and it just repeated for months and it was fucking annoying. And then *George* went foggy and *died*, which fucking sucked. But he eventually came back, powering through due to Dream kissing him, or some bullshit like that.

The past ten years of his life have been wild. George knows that, he's long past accepted it. He knows that his life is never going to be normal again, and really, why would he ever want that? Whatever. The scene in front of him, however, is pure and utter *bullshit*. George stares at Dream, who's on top of the fucking gas station, *with* a hoard of zombies at his feet. George had been wondering where Patches was, and now he knows. Of course. *Of course*. Of course Dream would pull this bullshit on their anniversary. He isn't even surprised. He wishes that he could be surprised, but it's *Dream*, and he just *isn't*. George sighs, grabbing his old crossbow off of the weapon rack in their kitchen, grumbling as he punches in the code to the outside.

He gasps when three zombies stumble towards him, but the shock doesn't last very long. He shoots the first one, kicks the second one to the ground, and stabs the third one with the bolt from the first. He isn't even surprised that Dream managed to lure three zombies here, *just* to make it like the first time. Asshole. George sighs, creeping past the hoard of zombies who are all too focused on Dream to even notice him. He throws his crossbow over his shoulder, finding the same footholds he did ten years ago, and starts to climb. As soon as he's half way up, he hears Dream's all-too familiar wheeze.

"Holy shit," Dream grins down at him. "I thought I was the last person around." George has never wanted to punch him more than he does right now. Luckily for Dream, his hands are still occupied. For now.

"Me too," George sighs, trying his best to suppress the smile on his face. "How did you even get here?" Dream gives him a half-hearted shrug, still beaming like the idiot he is. "Cryptic," he drags himself all the way up to the roof, sitting right next to him. "What's your name?"

"Dream. What about you, mystery man? Do you have a name?"

George reaches over, punches him in the shoulder. "Obviously. It's George. I l-

"Nope," Dream shakes his head. "It's 'I'm George', not 'it's George'. Good job, George. You've fucked it."

"Oh, fuck off," George scoffs, rolling his eyes. "It's been ten years, Dream. I'm not going to remember word for word, you prick." Dream wheezes, wrapping an arm around his shoulder.

"I did, though!" He beams. "I remembered my lines! How could I not?" He asks, smiling so wide it has to hurt. "It was the best day of the rest of my life," Dream tells him. "When you climbed up here and called me a suicidal idiot, I fell in love. Well, maybe not then," he admits. "But when you took me to the bunker and we just got close, and then we..man," Dream sighs. "It doesn't feel like it's been ten years."

George quietly agrees with that, mildly annoyed at the groaning of the hoard below them. "It really doesn't," he agrees. "Where did you even find them?"

"Around," Dream shrugs. "Figured we might as well put them to good use, you know?" George rolls his eyes, but he laughs anyways. "Hey, George?"

"Yeah, Dream?"

He already knows what the answer is going to be.

"I love you."

There it is.

"I love you too, Dream," George tells him, leaning in to kiss his stupid husband. "More than anything."

"More than anything," Dream agrees, kissing him back. "You know, now we have to ki-"

"I've got you, big man!" George sighs. Of course. Of *course*. He watches Tommy sprint out of the woods, shooting a zombie in the leg. "Don't worry, lads, I'm great with guns!"

Phil's next, followed by Wilbur and Techno, with Tubbo trailing behind, all of the animals at his feet. "This is ridiculous," Eret sighs, voice too deep for a dog. "I can't believe Tommy had to go and interrupt their moment. They were so happy!"

"You can't believe it, huh?" Fundy snorts. "It's what he does best, Eret. That's like, his skillset."

"George!" Sapnap grins up at him, eyes huge. "What the fuck? You didn't bring me up there? I was there too, you know!" He growls. "I was up there with you fuckers! I've been third-wheeling since the *beginning*, and you don't even bring me up there for the anniversary?" Sapnap sighs, plopping himself down in the middle of the ground, refusing to move out of Tubbo's way. "You wound me, George. Tell Dream I've always liked him better. I'm getting a divorce with you, George. I hate you, George."

"Shut the fuck up," George doesn't even bother to look at him, turning away to flip him off. He ducks his head to hide the grin plastered on his face, though. "You did this," he jabs a finger at Dream. "This is your fault. You're the one who found them." Dream wheezes, watching as Techno stabs a zombie in the eye.

"I guess. You love them, though," he beams. "You know it, you can't lie to me, Georgie. I know you love them," Dream leans back on the gas station roof, staring at the sky. "Thank god it's nice out."

"Not like you're doing any of the work," George points out. "That's kinda not hot, Dream. You should be getting your hands dirty."

Dream sighs for a solid thirty seconds, which George thinks is impressive. "I'm going to push you off of this roof if you keep talking, George."

"Okay, Dream," George lays back next to him, smiling up at the sky. "I'm glad I saved your ass. I..I don't think I'd have been able to live much longer without you, Dream."

"Me too," he agrees. "I was already going crazy. I love you."

"I love you more."

"No."

George laughs, giving his husband a shrug. "Whatever. You know it's true."

"Okay, George," Dream turns to grin at him, eyes sparkling. "Wanna do this again for our three hundredth? It's not like we're going to die." Oh yeah, that. Ever since they met, George hasn't been aging. Dream hasn't been aging. Wilbur and Tommy and the rest of those fucks haven't been aging. Neither has Sapnap. Dream's theory is that they're going to live forever, which George isn't really all that opposed against.

"Yeah," he smiles. "Let's."

Spending eternity with his husband and his best friends doesn't seem so bad. Not when he's already so happy to be doing it.

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